the weekly Standard

CONDI IN CHARGE
JONATHAN KARL

WHO SPEAKS FOR TERRI SCHIAVO?

FRED BARNES • JEFFREY BELL & FRANK CANNON
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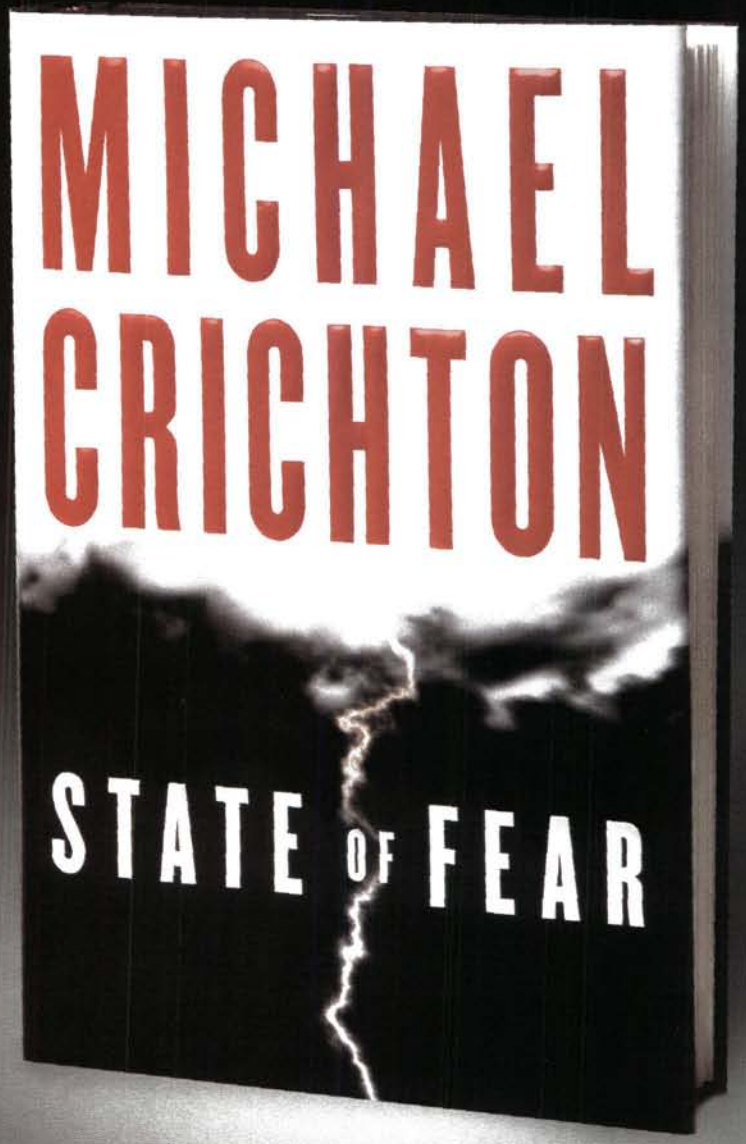

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Peee-ew

Back in March 2004, former Pew Charitable Trusts program officer Sean Treglia attended a conference at the University of Southern California's Annenberg School for Communication. Treglia must have felt gabby, because he launched into a long, discursive tale of how his former employers at Pew had used tens of millions of dollars to simulate a wave of popular support for campaign finance reform.

"I'm going to tell you a story that I've never told any reporter," Treglia crowed. He probably assumed his anecdotes would stay between him and his sympathetic audience. But Treglia was being videotaped, and the videotape fell into the hands of Ryan Sager, an intrepid polemicist for the *New York Post*. Last week Sager posted a partial transcript of the speech on the *Post*'s website (*www.nypost.com/postopinion/opedcolumnists/transcript0.htm*). Here's Treglia:

> We wanted to expand the voices calling for reform to include the business community, to include minority organizations, and to include religious groups, to counter the Christian Coalition. The target audience for all this activity was 535 people in Washington [the U.S. Congress]. The idea was to create an impression that a mass movement was afoot. That everywhere they looked, in academic institutions, in the business community, in religious groups, in ethnic groups, everywhere, people were talking about reform . . .
>
> Over seven years, I spent about $30 million of Pew money on this effort. And the money led directly to key elements of the McCain-Feingold legislation: the ban on soft-money, the issue-advocacy provision, the better disclosure and the stand-by-your-ad. . . . We funded the business community, minority groups, religious groups.

No worries, Treglia went on. "We did everything by the letter of the law." Except "we just never released press releases saying that we were funding these grants at the time." The strategy was a stunning success. "If you look at the Supreme Court decision, you will see that almost half of the footnotes relied on by the Supreme Court in upholding [McCain-Feingold] are research funded by the Pew Charitable Trusts"—some of which research, incidentally, was horribly flawed, as David Tell pointed out in these pages two years ago ("An Appearance of Corruption," May 26, 2003).

No matter. "If any reporter wanted to know" about the connections between Pew and its grant recipients, Treglia explained—like the nexus Tell pointed to with New York University Law School's Brennan Center for Justice—"they could have sat down and connected the dots. But they didn't."

Maybe that's because some of the organizations those reporters work for were taking Pew's money, too. Sager points us to "Campaign Finance Reform Lobby, 1994-2004," a recently released report by Political Money Line, which details how in the last decade eight pro-reform, typically left-leaning foundations spent over $123 million to lobby for changes to campaign finance law. Not all that money went to business, minority, and religious groups. Since 1994, for example, National Public Radio has accepted over $1.2 million from pro-campaign-finance-reform foundations. According to "official disclosure statements," Sager reports, the funds were earmarked for "news coverage of financial influence in political decision-making," including original programming such as the show "Money, Power and Influence." THE SCRAPBOOK missed that program, but we can guess what angle it took.

So by the look of things—and remember, it's the mere appearance of wrongdoing that has always raised the blood pressure of the campaign-finance reformers—Pew was engaged in a massive influence-buying scheme. We'll give them the benefit of the doubt, however, since THE SCRAPBOOK has always thought actual wrongdoing is what matters, not appearances. Plus Pew's CEO insists that Treglia's "comments have no basis in fact."

But in its frenzy to root money out of Washington (except for its own), Pew does seem at the least to be guilty of what the Freudians call projection—attributing one's faults and impulses to others. ♦

Under Embargo

For more than a year, the European Union and its leading members have pushed to lift the embargo Brussels placed on China following the Tiananmen Square massacre of 1989, arguing that it was no longer appropriate to lump China in with other embargo-targeted countries like Burma and Zimbabwe. As Javier Solana, the E.U.'s foreign policy representative, puts it, "Things are moving" ahead on human rights.

Solana must not be reading his mail. At the same time he was uttering those words, more than 500 human rights and democracy activists—including Chinese still residing in China and family members of those imprisoned or slain at Tiananmen—were writing him saying that, in fact, the human rights situation in China has not undergone a fundamental change since 1989. This

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should come as no surprise since, as they also point out, "sixteen years ago, the European Union set specific human rights conditions when it imposed" the embargo, which still have not been met.

After serious lobbying by both sides of the aisle in Congress and the administration, it appears the E.U. will not be lifting the arms embargo—for now. Yet one thing we know for sure is that Brussels, Paris, and Berlin will continue to push for lifting the embargo, in the process ignoring their own pledges of 1989 and the voices of those who know firsthand whether things really are, as Solana put it, "moving" ahead when it comes to political and religious freedom in China. ♦

He's Tribe!

Showing the sophistication and depth of learning that once marked him as the next great liberal hope for the Supreme Court, Harvard's Laurence Tribe on March 19, as reported in the *New York Times*, weighed in on the Schiavo case: "'McCarthy, for all his abuses, did not reach out and try to undo the processes of a state court,' Professor Tribe said, referring to Senator Joseph McCarthy, whose cold war hearings into communism were widely viewed as Congressional overreaching."

We'll cut Tribe some slack on this strained analogy, since it's always possible that someone else wrote the soundbite for him. Readers will recall, from Joseph Bottum's report in these pages a few months ago, that Tribe has sometimes passed off other people's words as his own.

That report apparently also made an impression on students at Harvard Law School. Consider this original song performed in early March at the annual Harvard Law School parody show:

"I'm Larry Tribe"
(to the music of Gloria Gaynor's
"I Will Survive")

(Tribe)
At first I was afraid
I was petrified
I had nothing new to write
I thought my muse had died

But then I opened up a book
And copied down the words I saw
A fatal flaw
And who would know I broke the law?

For 19 years
I wasn't caught
I made a killing on my books
Assigned in every class I taught

It would've never been revealed
THE WEEKLY STANDARD wouldn't see
I would still be at the top
If not for stupid Ogletree

(Duncan Kennedy)
He studied math!
He studied law!
He's the most prolific scholar
That the whole world ever saw
He's drafted foreign constitutions
He's the president of Spain!
In the book they say he copied
He thanked Clinton aide Ron Klain!

And so on, in the same vein. (If you email *scrapbook@weeklystandard.com*, we'll forward you a highly entertaining sound clip from the actual performance.) ♦

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Casual

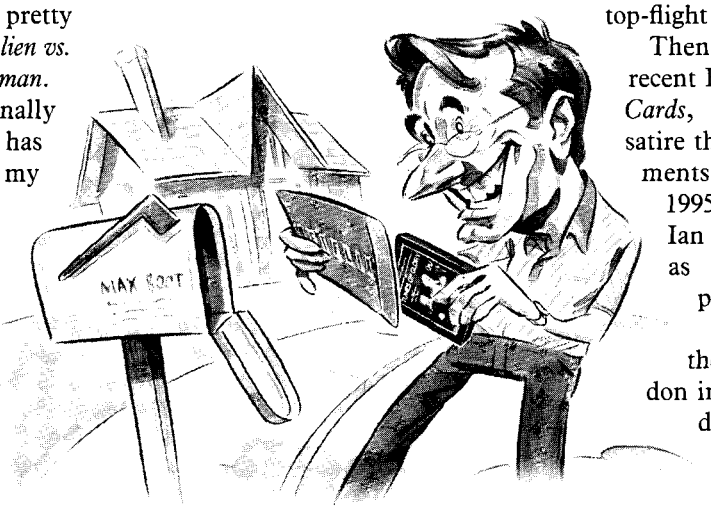
MAIL-ORDER *BRIDESHEAD*

A decade ago, when I was writing about telecom deregulation (and you think you have a boring job), "video on demand"—the ability to order any movie, any time, directly through your television set—was supposed to be just around the corner. And yet, until recently, I was still waiting on line with all the other mopes at the local Blockbuster, where my movie rental choices were pretty much limited to 20 copies of *Alien vs. Predator* and 20 copies of *Catwoman*.

Has video on demand finally arrived? Not really. What has arrived is the daily mail, with my latest batch of movie choices from Netflix. The video-mail service has been around since 1999 and claims three million subscribers, but not one of them told me about it until a few months ago.

News like this, I'm realizing, travels slow when you're off the telecom beat. In case you, too, are among the uninitiated, Netflix works like this: You go online to their website, choose movies you'd like to watch from their library of 35,000 titles, and, presto, a few days later your first three choices are sitting in your mailbox. You can check out three movies at a time for a set monthly rate (currently $17.99 plus sales tax) and return them anytime without late fees. As soon as one Netflix DVD is returned, the next item on your queue is automatically shipped off.

This article isn't one of those Armstrong Williams deals. I'm shilling for Netflix for free, out of sheer gratitude. Because I can now watch older gems like *Sullivan's Travels* (Preston Sturges's delightful 1941 sendup of a Hollywood director out to make a "message" movie), *Alfie* (Michael Caine's first breakout role, a very dark 1966 comedy about philandering), and *The Year of Living Dangerously* (a 1982 thriller about political unrest in Indonesia, starring a young Mel Gibson). Netflix's business model is so compelling that Blockbuster and Wal-Mart have started their own video-mail services, and Amazon.com is expected to soon jump in as well.



In fact, the competition has become so stiff that Netflix's stock recently suffered a sharp drop. But even as cold market forces take their toll, I find myself warming to the Netflix library. Like Amazon.com, the website allows you to make serendipitous links from one title to another. I stumbled onto a 1960 movie called *Tunes of Glory*, in which Alec Guinness played the lower-class commander of a Scottish army regiment who comes into conflict with his upper-class successor. This reminded me of what a wonderful actor Guinness was, and made me eager to see more of his films.

So I rented *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, the BBC's faithful 1979 adaptation of John le Carré's Cold War classic, in which Guinness played super-spy George Smiley on the trail of a Soviet mole who had penetrated British intelligence. This was followed by *Smiley's People*, the 1982 sequel which wasn't quite as good but was still great fun.

Having gotten hooked on BBC miniseries (thank you, British taxpayers, for subsidizing my entertainment), I rented *Brideshead Revisited*, the 1981 dramatization of Evelyn Waugh's elegiac novel. Like the le Carré films, this production featured a dazzling cast—Jeremy Irons as Charles Ryder, Anthony Andrews as Sebastian Flyte, and Laurence Olivier as Lord Marchmain. (How do the Brits manage to produce so many top-flight actors?)

Then it was on to a more recent BBC triumph: *House of Cards*, a delicious political satire that ran in three installments between 1990 and 1995. By a nice coincidence, Ian Richardson, who stars as the scheming Tory politician Francis Urquhart, also played the Soviet mole Bill Haydon in *Tinker, Tailor*. No one does haughty villainy better. (From the DVD's bonus features, I learned that Richardson does not reserve his talents for high-brow productions: He also played the toff in the back of the Rolls-Royce who asked, in that famous commercial, "Pardon me, do you have any Grey Poupon?")

I don't mean to imply that Netflix is full of nothing but the best. Most of its thousands of titles are, inevitably, stinkers. I recently made the mistake of renting the 1994 David Spade comedy *PCU*, the unfunniest campus comedy ever made, and the 1970 *Le Cercle Rouge*, the dullest detective film ever made. But at least I don't have to schlep these lemons back to the video store. I simply pop them in the prepaid envelope and hope for the best when the next mail delivery arrives.

Illustration by Darren Gygi

MAX BOOT

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Canada-Palooza!

In "Welcome To Canada" (March 21), Matt Labash engages in a long criticism of our neighbor to the north. His knee-jerk attack on Canada, Canadians, and their government and culture is rich in sarcastic one-liners and vicious jabs. But the gags quickly collapse into tedium.

Labash cannot even bring himself to admit that two native sons of Canada, Dan Aykroyd and John Candy, are/were actually funny (though I won't comment on Alan Thicke). Moreover, he fails to recognize the majesty of that wonderful country or the talents of its people.

Having spent many years participating in the Canada-United States Interparliamentary Group, an exchange of legislators between the two nations, I have had the opportunity to visit many areas of Canada, and I can attest to the warm amity of the Canadian government and the vitality of the Canadian people. (And yes, Mr. Labash, I find most Canadians friendly and gracious.)

Although Labash says that he "wasn't keen" on the liberation of Iraq, he admits to working "in the belly of the neocon beast that gets partial credit for hatching it." Is this a tirade against Canada for not joining in the Iraq war? If so, Labash should recognize Canada's past support in World War I and World War II (on the beaches of Normandy), their military support in Afghanistan, and their help in peacekeeping missions around the world. I am grateful for Canada's assistance in preserving freedom.

In fact, we could learn a few things from Canada, such as broadband deployment and producing enough energy to be an exporter (including to the United States). More important, Canada is a democracy and a vital ally in the war on terror. Our nations share the world's longest demilitarized border, and I join many of my colleagues in appreciating this special relationship with Canada.

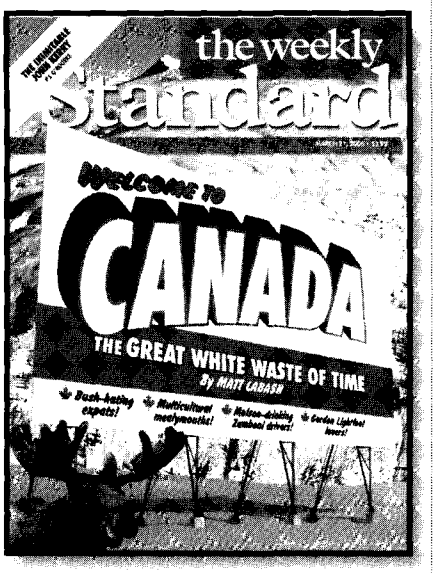
I prefer to see the people of Canada by remembering those who opened their homes to American travelers stranded in the aftermath of 9/11 and those who gathered on Parliament Hill in support of the United States. After this grand gesture, over 25,000 Canadians went to New York in a moving display of solidarity.

These events offer more accurate portraits of our northern neighbors. And in this instance, I think the "Great White Waste of Time" is Labash's article.

Rep. Cliff Stearns (R–Fla.)
Washington, DC

Matt Labash responds: I'm not quite sure how to reason with a man who maintains that Dan Aykroyd is funny, other than to guess that Rep. Stearns has never seen *Blues Brothers 2000*, *Coneheads*, or *Exit to Eden*, to name just three Aykroyd crimes against humanity.

Far be it from me to quibble with a member of the distinguished Canada-U.S. Interparliamentary Group, but I'm a little confused as to whether Canadians are aware of the "special relationship"



alluded to by Stearns. While Canadians did express post-9/11 solidarity, as Stearns claims, their Hallmark sentiments quickly dissipated. A 2002 Ipsos-Reid poll showed that 84 percent of Canadians believed America bore at least some responsibility for the terrorist attacks.

If Stearns takes issue with my characterization of Canadians' obsessive anti-Americanism, perhaps he'll accept the verdict of his own counterparts on the Canada-U.S. Interparliamentary Group. In 2003, Canada's *Hill Times*, a political weekly, obtained a draft letter intended for then-Canadian prime minister Jean Chrétien. It was authored by the Group's two co-chairs and approved by the majority of members, but never went beyond the draft stage when several MPs balked, failing to achieve the desired unanimous consent. In it, the authors expressed regret at the "deterioration of the relationship between the U.S. and Canada," the state of which they claimed had reached "ground zero." The letter condemned "scornful, disdainful, even condescending, if not openly contemptuous, statements showered by Parliamentarians upon Americans."

Stearns can "prefer" to see Canadians however he wishes. But even the bulk of his Canadian counterparts have opted for reality over his rose-colored illusions. ♦

I will admit to having felt a certain trepidation when I saw The Weekly Standard's March 21 issue contained a feature article about Canada by Matt Labash. I feared the wry arrogance that makes Labash such a pleasure to read would foster an international incident.

Having just finished the piece, however, I am pleased to report that Labash has written one of the smartest and most enjoyable pieces I've read in your pages in some time. I've vacationed in Toronto, so I'm sensitive to the "flannel-wearing lumberjack" stereotype of the average Canadian that simply doesn't ring true. But Labash's piece is a fair and honest assessment, dabbling into stereotype only occasionally for comic effect.

Kevin Corlett
Chicago, IL

Everything Matt Labash said about Canada was true and not necessarily news to Canadians. However, Labash consistently provided only half the story.

Start with national missile defense. Canadians simply think it's a bad idea. We also thought the Vietnam war was a bad idea, so we opted out. Of course, we opted *in* to World War II two years before the Americans did and joined the fight in World War I three years earlier.

A few other facts Labash omitted. Until last summer, Canada had the second-largest contingent in Afghanistan. Canadians participated in the Bosnia operation before (and in larger numbers than) the Americans. And Canada went along with the United States in Kosovo.

I guess America's grievance with Canada on the foreign policy front seems

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to be that we don't always agree. But isn't that what separate sovereign nations—even the closest of allies—inevitably do?

In the economic and social arenas, Labash rightly points out Canada's health care woes, the separatist problem in Quebec, and our relative decline in the United Nations's meaningless rankings (an odd evidentiary citation for THE WEEKLY STANDARD, by the way). Fair enough, but Labash should also admit that Canada's federal government is in budget surplus and is the only G-7 country paying down its national debt.

Ultimately, Canada resembles the United States more than any other nation on the planet. We coexist peacefully and prosperously—and when it really counts, Canadians stand with Americans. Surely, like any big brother with fellow feeling, the United States can overlook a few of its diminutive sibling's insecurities and vanities.

G.C. KELLOW
Ottawa, Ontario

AS AN AMERICAN MARRIED to a former Canadian (my wife became a U.S. citizen in 1993), I could not resist Matt Labash's article on Canada. It took me quite a while to stop laughing.

My main criticism of Labash is that he failed to discuss regional variations. My wife hails from Saskatchewan, a prairie province where pro-American sentiment is far stronger than in Ontario. The prairie provinces are also sharply different in their politics from British Columbia and Quebec.

Indeed, it's my feeling that sectional differences are far more profound in Canada than they are in the United States. Leaving aside Quebec, the asinine anti-Americanism you read about is mostly concentrated in the Ontario province and certain enclaves outside that province. My relatives always stress that they do not share these attitudes.

Many prairie province settlers originally came over from the United States, and there was a lot of moving back and forth looking for jobs and land. Canadian scholars have noted that different regions of Canada have ties to various American states that are at least as strong as their ties to the rest of Canada. The prairies look to our Northern Plains; British Columbia looks to the Pacific Northwest; the Maritimes have longstanding ties to New England; and so forth.

If Quebec secedes, Western Canadians, who have long felt exploited by "the East" (meaning Ontario and Quebec), may start their own independence movement. The current bout of silly anti-American sentiment may cause serious stresses in the Canadian confederation.

TIM ERLANDER
Richfield, MN

MATT LABASH hit the proverbial nail right on its nose-pointed-upward Canadian head. As a dual citizen of Canada and the United States, I say that with sadness and embarrassment. But I had several good laughs—in dismay—at the situations Labash described.

I had occasion about a year ago to be in a private reception where then-Canadian ambassador to the United States Michael Kergin was speaking. Afterwards, I chatted with Kergin very briefly and brought up my concern for the sorry state of anti-Americanism in Canada.

Kergin nodded his head in understanding of my comments—and then responded, essentially, "Americans tend to identify themselves by who they are; Canadians tend to identify themselves by who they are not." Fortunately, he did not say it with pride.

JOHN BOLAND
Vienna, VA

I THOROUGHLY ENJOYED Matt Labash's article on Canada. Sadly, most of what Labash wrote is true. Canada is becoming more and more socialist by the day.

I am a physician in Ontario. Presently we are in negotiations with the provincial government. We are facing a doctor shortage and the government's proposed fix is to organize collectivist teams to provide health care. Doctors are being paid more to enter these teams than they are under the old fee-for-service system in an effort to coerce MDs to join the collectives. Those of us who value our individual rights are scoffed at as the lunatic fringe. We are currently paid less to work on the weekends than during the weekdays.

Canada's once vaunted health system is crumbling. Meanwhile, the nation's central planners concoct schemes to fix it that simply make matters worse.

GLENN PEARCE
Waterloo, Ontario

ERRATA

IN HARVEY KLEHR and John Earl Haynes's "Professors of Denial" (March 21), the former Soviet spy Hede Massing was incorrectly listed as Hedda Massing.

Because of an editing error, we mistakenly identified one of our contributors with the wrong middle initial. The author of "Forgotten Founder" (March 14) was Pepperdine University professor Robert G. Kaufman. Our apologies to Mr. Kaufman.

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the weekly Standard

"Evolving Standards of Decency"

Thank God for our judges. (Oops! Sorry. No offense, your honors. I didn't mean to write "God." Or at least I didn't mean anything specific or exclusionary or sectarian or unconstitutional by writing "God." It's just an expression I occasionally use. It does go way back in U.S. history. I hope it's okay.)

Anyway. Thank God for our robed masters. If it weren't for them, Christopher Simmons might soon be executed. In September 1993, seven months shy of his 18th birthday, Simmons decided it would be interesting to kill someone. He told his buddies they could get away with it because they were still minors. He broke into the house of Shirley Crook in Jefferson County, Missouri, bound her hands and feet, drove her to a bridge, covered her face with tape, and threw her into the Meramec River, where she drowned. He confessed to the crime, and was sentenced to death according to the laws of Missouri.

Last month the Supreme Court saved Simmons's life. The citizens, legislators, and governor of Missouri (and those of 19 other states) had, it turned out, fallen grievously and unconstitutionally behind "the evolving standards of decency that mark a maturing society." Five justices decided that the Constitution prevented anyone under the age of 18 from being sentenced to death. So Christopher Simmons will live.

It appears, at this writing, that Terri Schiavo will not. In a series of decisions in Florida state courts, Circuit Judge George Greer and his colleagues have chosen to credit the claim of Michael Schiavo that his wife long ago expressed a well-considered wish to be killed if she found herself in a disabled state. Of course, there is no reason to believe she ever seriously considered she might find herself in such a state. They have chosen to deny efforts by Terri Schiavo's mother and father to assume responsibility for their daughter's care. They have chosen to strike down legislation passed by the Florida legislature, and signed by the governor, to permit the governor to allow water and nutrition to be given to patients who leave no written directive, and to allow some recourse for family members who wish to challenge the withholding of nutrition and hydration.

Last week, federal judges chose to dismiss, out of hand, extraordinary legislation passed by the U.S. Congress and signed by the president, which asked the federal courts to take a fresh look at the case. The federal judges chose not to explain why "evolving standards of decency" might not allow Terri Schiavo to be kept alive until the case was argued in federal court. The judges assumed nothing new or meaningful would be learned from such an argument, or that the federal legislation might be found unconstitutional. The federal judges chose not to bother to explain why either might be the case.

So our judges deserve some criticism. But we should not be too harsh. For example, it would be wrong to suggest, as some conservatives have, that our judicial elite is systematically biased against "life." After all, they have saved the life of Christopher Simmons. It would be wrong to argue, as some critics have, that our judges systematically give too much weight to the husband's wishes in situations like Terri Schiavo's. After all, our judges have for three decades given husbands (or fathers) no standing at all to participate in the decision whether to kill their unborn children. It would be wrong to claim that our judges don't take seriously legislation passed by the elected representatives of the people. After all, our judges are committed to upholding the "rule of law"—though not, perhaps, the rule of actual laws passed by actual lawmakers. And it would be wrong to accuse our judges of being heartless. After all, Judges Carnes and Hull of the 11th U.S. Circuit told us, "We all have our own family, our own loved ones, and our own children."

So do we all. They deserve a judiciary that is respectful of democratic self-government and committed to a genuine constitutionalism. The Bush administration should nominate such judges, and Congress should confirm them. And the president and Congress should lead a serious national debate on the distinction between judicial independence and judicial arrogance, and on the difference between judicial review and judicial supremacy. After all, we are a "maturing society," as the Supreme Court has told us. Perhaps it is time, in mature reaction to this latest installment of what Hugh Hewitt has called a "robed charade," to rise up against our robed masters, and choose to govern ourselves. Call it Terri's revolution.

—*William Kristol*

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The ABCs of Media Bias

A mystery memo, biased reporting, and the usual suspects. **BY FRED BARNES**

SENATE MAJORITY LEADER Bill Frist never saw it. Neither did the Senate Republican whip, Mitch McConnell of Kentucky. The number three Republican in the Senate, Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania, didn't get a copy. Nor did the senator with the closest relationship with President Bush, Judd Gregg of New Hampshire. And the senator with the familiar Republican last name, Elizabeth Dole of North Carolina, didn't see it or read it. The same is true of Senator Mel Martinez, the rookie Republican from Florida.

Yet the infamous memo that argued Republicans stood to gain politically by saving the life of Terri Schiavo was characterized by ABC News as consisting of "GOP Talking Points." True, a few paragraphs were of Republican origin. They had been lifted, word for word, from a Martinez press release outlining the provisions of his legislative proposal, "The Incapacitated Person's Legal Protection Act." This was the inoffensive part of the memo. The offensive part—it didn't come from Martinez—left the strong impression that Republicans are callous and cynical in their attempt to save Schiavo's life, ill-motivated in the extreme.

Two paragraphs were the problem. One contended Republicans should save the disabled Schiavo's life because "this is a great political issue" that could lead to the defeat of Democratic senator Bill Nelson of Florida in 2006. The other said dwelling on the Schiavo issue would excite pro-lifers, a key Republican constituency.

Supposedly the memo was distributed only to Republicans on the Senate floor. Ergo, it was a Republican document. ABC correspondent Linda Douglass first reported its existence on March 18, saying the network "has obtained talking points circulated among Republican senators, explaining why they should vote to intervene in the Schiavo case." She mentioned the two offensive passages, and the memo was shown on the screen. The ABC website was explicit about the source of the memo: These were "GOP talking points on Terri Schiavo." Two days later, the *Washington Post* referred to it as "an unsigned one-page memo, distributed to Republican senators."

There wasn't a hint in these reports the memo could have any other source but Republicans. Yet there was no evidence it had come from Republicans. It was unsigned and had no letterhead or date. Nothing indicated it came from the Republican leadership or the House or Senate campaign committee or from the Republican National Committee or even from a stray Republican staffer. The only evidence was of a dirty trick—and there wasn't much evidence of that. *Powerline*, the influential blog, found a version of the memo with typos cleaned up on left-wing websites.

The only basis for blaming Republicans was the unsubstantiated allegation that the memo was spread among Republican senators. Yet no senator stepped forward and said, "Yes, I got that memo." Now consider what would have happened if a damning memo had been distributed to Democratic senators, saying the Schiavo issue could be used politically against Republicans. Would anyone in the mainstream media have jumped on it? I doubt it. Only right-wing bloggers would have.

So rather than an example of aggressive reporting, the memo story turns out to be yet another instance of crude liberal bias, in this case against both Republicans and those who fought to have Schiavo's feeding tube restored. Naturally the memo had a second life when the story was picked up by other news outlets, pundits, and columnists. How did ABC and others get wind of the memo in the first place? It came from "Democratic aides," according to the *New York Times*, who "said it had been distributed to Senate Republicans." Not exactly a disinterested source.

As the memo flap suggests, media bias against Schiavo's parents, who led the fight to have her feeding tube restored, and their allies was extensive. The mainstream media failed to report lapses in Terri Schiavo's medical examination, diagnosis, and treatment. One had to turn to bloggers. To find anything less than favorable about Michael Schiavo, the husband who insisted Terri's feeding tube be removed, the alternative press was the best bet. The mainstream press, meanwhile, twitted conservatives for hypocritically abandoning states' rights in the effort to save Terri. Liberals, suddenly champions of states' rights instead of federal power, got a pass.

Bias seeped into polling. An ABC News poll question said Terri Schiavo was on "life support" and has "no consciousness and her condition is irreversible." "Do you support . . . the decision to remove Terri's feeding tube?" A large majority said they did. But Schiavo was not on life support as most people understand the term, may have some consciousness, and some neurologists believe she has a chance of partial recovery. Given those facts, would you want to stay alive? ABC didn't ask. ♦

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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The Politics of the Schiavo Case

Losing the battle, winning the war.

BY JEFFREY BELL & FRANK CANNON

IN HER 1993 NOVEL *The Children of Men*, P.D. James depicts the world of 2021. A mysterious infection has rendered humanity infertile—the last baby is believed to have been born in 1995—yet British authorities move forward with their program of "voluntary" euthanasia for the elderly and others who cannot meet society's standards for "quality of life." The euthanasia program, called the Quietus, involves an inspirational, music-accompanied mass march into the sea, and is depicted by the authorities as pleasant, gentle, even euphoric. But a single old woman changes her mind at the last minute, and has to be clubbed to death.

The starvation/dehydration of Terri Schiavo at the command of her husband does not bring us to that stage of social development. The blessing of his decision by federal and state courts, over the objection of the legislative and executive branches of government in Washington and Florida, is the upholding of a private killing for private purposes, not of government-sponsored mass killing. But the national scope of the controversy means that perhaps tens of thousands of feeding tubes all over the country have become far more precarious.

It was a substantive policy victory for forces opposed to the right to life (it doesn't seem accurate, in this instance, to describe these forces as "pro-choice"), but it may be a victory they come to regret. For one thing, in content it was far more an extension of the implications of legalized abortion than of assisted suicide.

Of the whole array of anti-life agenda items, assisted suicide receives the greatest level of support in public opinion polling, undoubtedly because it is seen as the least coercive. But in the end game of the Terri Schiavo case, the longstanding assertion by her husband that Terri would welcome what was being done to her seemed at most a formality. The courts all but made explicit that the killing was not really about her wishes but only about those of her husband and legal guardian. The implication that Terri's fate was to be the choice of the husband, and of him alone, followed the form of abortion law, which puts the choice in the hands of the mother, and of no one else.

This matters because abortion, not assisted suicide, is the mother of all American social issues. We say American, and not Russian or Chinese or British, because it is the American founding document that guarantees the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and asserts as its only authority that of the Creator—the authority of Nature and of Nature's God. If you had to pick one reason that there is a pro-life movement in America and not Europe, it is the nature of our founding.

Coming on the heels of the conviction of Scott Peterson for double homicide—of his wife and of his unborn son—the Schiavo case is the latest of a series of public debates and public events in which political momentum has significantly shifted to the pro-life side. If you doubt this, try comparing the public debate on abortion in the election year of 1992 with that of 2004. In 1992, it was Republican politicians and candidates who tried to downplay the abortion issue. In 2004 and today, it is Democrats who would rather talk about anything else, and are taking instruction on how to deflect the issue in their campaign schools.

It is no anomaly that Sen. Hillary Clinton received her most favorable coverage since the 2004 election when she made a calculated, conscious attempt to sound less pro-abortion and more pro-life. It is no anomaly that roughly half of the Democratic congressmen who returned to Washington to vote on the pro-Terri Schiavo emergency legislation in March voted Yes instead of No. And it is no anomaly that it's impossible to find a Democratic leader acting as if he takes at face value the ABC and CBS polls that purport to show strong national approval of Michael Schiavo and the array of federal and state judges who effectively gave him their blessing.

For President Bush and the social conservatives who comprise the central rampart of his base, the courts' naked assertion of judicial supremacy in deciding the fate of Terri Schiavo represents an important moment. This is because the premise of the Democratic filibuster of the president's conservative judicial nominees is that the *Roe* v. *Wade* decision must never again be called into question.

The judicial confirmation debate will now unavoidably be about whether democratic decision-making on abortion should continue to be prohibited by our courts and (effectively) by the American legal profession. From the beginning, those who believed *Roe* would corrupt the rule of law feared that state sanction of private killing would put all public order and all private restraint in doubt. The fate of Terri Schiavo makes clear that those fears were utterly on target. ♦

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The Case Heard Round the Web

How Terri Schiavo became a household name.

BY WESLEY J. SMITH

THE ARGUMENTS over the fate of Terri Schiavo have sowed distrust among the courts and the political branches of government, and forced a state legislature, a popular governor, both houses of Congress, and the president of the United States into tight, uncomfortable political corners. The pending death-by-dehydration of this disabled, 41-year-old Clearwater, Florida, woman—thanks to a court order sought by her husband—has at the same time become a media event of epic proportion.

The big question is why. Why did this story, of all stories, reach such a critical mass; why did Terri Schiavo, of all people, ignite such a deep, visceral emotional response in so many of her fellow citizens; why have so many people devoted so much energy and commitment to this case—some utterly intent upon keeping her alive, others adamantly believing she should be left to die as quickly as possible?

After all, hers is hardly the first "food and fluids" case to have bitterly divided a family, and it won't be the last. Nor is it at all uncommon in America for patients who are Terri's age and younger to be deprived of food and water so that they will die, even when there is doubt about what they would choose in such circumstances, and even though they are neither brain dead nor terminally ill.

Terri's putative husband (he started a new family in the mid-1990s) isn't the first spouse to fight in court with in-laws over the removal of a feeding tube. Two cases in the 1990s were strikingly similar, albeit the courts ruled in favor of life. Both Michael Martin of Michigan and Robert Wendland of California were unquestionably conscious when their wives fought nasty, protracted court battles through trial, appeal, and final decision by state supreme courts to see them die. Michael Martin had allegedly expressed a desire to live to an examining doctor using a facilitated communication device; Robert Wendland could roll a wheelchair down a hospital corridor. Both cases made the news, yet neither consumed the entire country or caused the deep societal divisions that Terri's case has generated.

This controversy hit the stratosphere, I believe, because of one simple but very powerful innovation: the Internet. When the Michael Martin and Robert Wendland families fought almost identical battles in the 1990s, the Internet, especially as a source of news, was still in its infancy. It was difficult to spread facts or perspectives that the mainstream media did not want to present—and the reporting of those cases was as skewed and one-sided in favor of death as has been the coverage of Terri Schiavo.

Moreover, and I think more important, the guardian-spouses maintained tight control over the images of their husbands. Almost every contemporary picture of Robert Wendland and Michael Martin that was made public was one that Mary Martin and Rose Wendland's lawyers wanted to be seen. While the parents were telling the world that their sons were responsive and aware, the approved photographs and videos generally depicted them as nonresponsive. Indeed, when despite this tight control a San Francisco television program managed to air an "unapproved" video that showed Wendland taking pegs from a board and replacing them during a therapy session, lawyers for Lodi Memorial Hospital—whose spokeswoman had claimed incorrectly that Robert was as good as comatose—sought (unsuccessfully) to have a gag order imposed in the case.

By the time the Schiavo litigation came along, the Internet was booming and becoming ever more sophisticated. Ordinary users had the technical means to view videos uploaded onto websites. Knowing that cases such as these are often won and lost in the sphere of public relations, Terri's parents, Robert and Mary Schindler, and their supporters created a website, *terrisfight.org*, which carried news of the case, copies of court documents, the story of Terri's life, and most crucially, powerful videos of Terri Schiavo apparently reacting to the world around her.

In one scene, Terri is asked by a doctor to open her eyes. For a moment; nothing. Then, Terri's eyes flutter and she opens them. She seems to be so eager to please—and this really touched my heart when I first saw it—that she opens her eyes so wide her forehead wrinkles.

In another scene, Terri's mother comes into the room. She talks happily to her daughter, "Hi! Hi, it's Mommy. How are you?" As Mary Schindler adjusts Terri on the bed, it sure looks as if she recognizes her mother, and she smiles happily. In a third scene Terri appears to respond happily when music is turned on. And so it goes.

These videos made all of the difference. Rather than being an abstract "vegetable" (a truly loathsome word to describe any human being), Terri came to be seen as a real person, obviously alive, and fully human. Michael Schiavo's supporters and proponents of Terri's dehydration within the bioethics community stomped and fussed, insisting that the appearance of inter-

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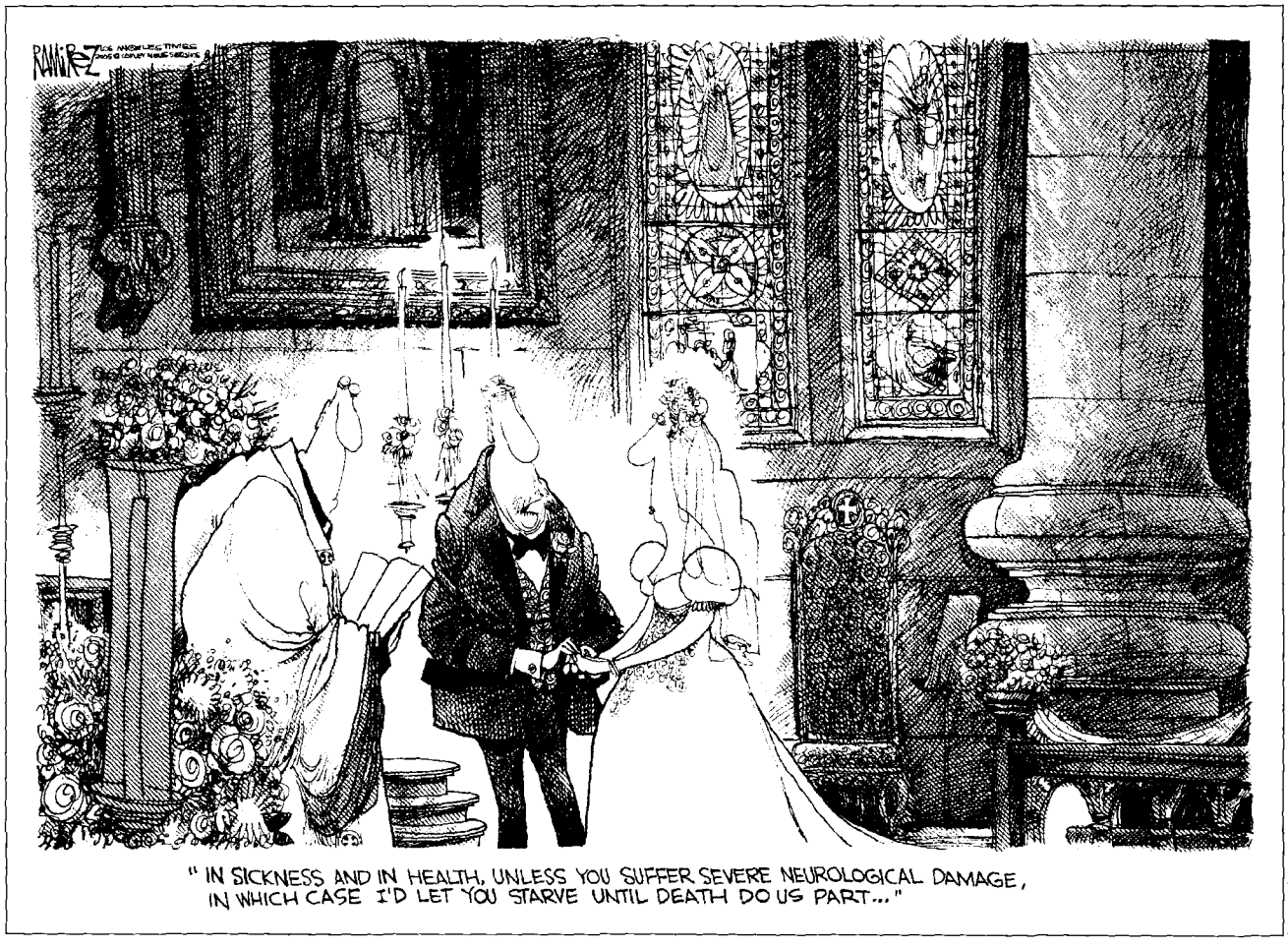
activity in the videos were actually just reflexes. But many viewers saw these complaints as being akin to the cheating husband who tells his wife after she has caught him *in flagrante delicto*: "Who are you going to believe—me, or your lying eyes?" The videos told a different story than that of a supposedly vegetative woman unable to interact with others. And for hundreds of thousands, maybe millions of people, the real Terri came out of the shadows, a sub-human no more.

The ability of supporters of Terri's life to distribute underreported information via the Internet enabled the Schiavo drama to reach an international stage. Terri's supporters were outraged when the mainstream media first downplayed the story entirely, and then, when the case finally demanded front-page coverage, cherry-picked facts to emphasize those aspects that favored Michael. For example, the *New York Times* routinely omitted what many saw as an acutely relevant fact about Terri's husband in deciding whether he or her parents should control her care: Michael has started a new family with his "fiancée," with whom he has two children. Under any ordinary understanding of the facts, that constitutes marital abandonment.

When I wrote a series of stories on the Schiavo case for THE DAILY STANDARD at *weeklystandard.com* in late 2003 and early 2004, many focusing on facts and arguments that I believed were being, shall we say, "overlooked" by the elite press, I witnessed the power of Internet information distribution. To my great gratification, my articles were passed from computer to computer, finding their way into readers' hands all over the world. Indeed, this is the first non-Internet article I have written about Terri Schiavo in some time. Yet, in recent weeks, as her tragic story reached its unjust *denouement*, my old online articles continued to circulate widely, to an enormous online audience, thanks both to direct quotations and links from blogs. The contrast with my early days in the anti-euthanasia movement has been stunning.

Nor is my experience unique. Check out the blogosphere, and you will find stories and commentary on Terri multiplying beyond the ability of anyone to keep up. They, in turn, echo back to talk radio and coverage in more traditional media, to the point that even the *New York Times* acknowledged Michael Schiavo's marital complications.

Terri Schiavo's story is a tragedy, and, for many, an outrage. But it holds a glimmer of hope for those with views that have traditionally received short shrift in the media—a category that decidedly includes those fighting to reverse the presumption of death enshrined in all too many state laws covering cases like Terri Schiavo's. Thanks to the new online media, these cases will never again be one-sided. ♦



" IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH, UNLESS YOU SUFFER SEVERE NEUROLOGICAL DAMAGE, IN WHICH CASE I'D LET YOU STARVE UNTIL DEATH DO US PART..."

Michael Ramirez

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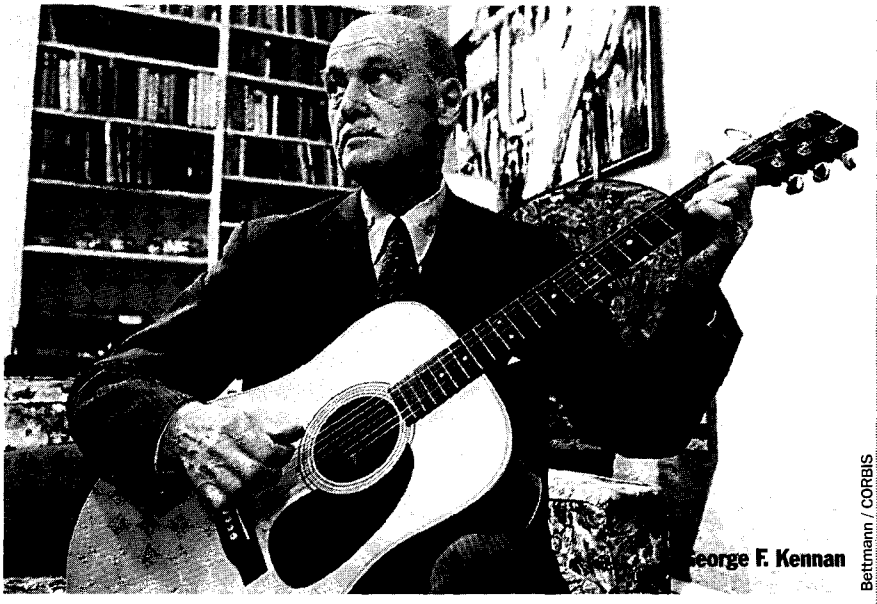
Our Greatest Diplomat?

George F. Kennan, 1904-2005.

BY PHILIP TERZIAN



George F. Kennan

Bettmann / CORBIS

AGAINST GEORGE F. KENNAN, who died last week at the age of 101, "there was no official complaint, / And all the reports on his conduct agree / That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he was a saint." He was not just "the nearest thing to a legend that this country's diplomatic service has ever produced" (Ronald Steel), but "a phenomenon in international affairs" (the *New York Times*), as well as "our greatest diplomat" (Richard Holbrooke). Even in an age of casual superlatives, this is high praise indeed. And not least among Kennan's long list of distinguished admirers was Kennan himself. In the late 1980s, after he had publicly complained that the United States government had not adequately honored him for his service, President George H.W. Bush dutifully awarded him the Medal of Freedom.

The interested observer might reasonably ask, how came this to be? For while Kennan was certainly a talented Foreign Service officer, shrewd analyst of the Russian character, and, in his later years, a prolific historian, he was in fact a singularly unsuccessful diplomat. While it is faithfully recorded that he was a member of the first American delegation to the Soviet Union, in 1933, it is also true that he was part of a squad that included two equally talented career men (Charles Bohlen, Loy Henderson) coached by a brilliant ambassador, William C. Bullitt. Kennan later flourished in wartime Moscow under the tutelage of Averell Harriman, but his own brief ambassadorships (to Moscow and Belgrade) both ended in failure.

Which, it might be said, furnishes one key to understanding George F. Kennan. For his supreme gift was not for diplomacy, but for self-dramatization. He was susceptible, at moments of crisis, to timely illness: It was from a Moscow sickbed that he drafted the famous 1946 Long Telegram which explained the roots of Soviet behavior —"impervious to the logic of reason . . . highly sensitive to the logic of force"—to an inquiring Truman administration. He had a habit of resigning from the diplomatic service, rejoining its ranks, and resigning again. As John F. Kennedy's ambassador to Yugoslavia, in the early 1960s, he quickly managed to entangle himself in a needless controversy with the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Wilbur Mills —which led him, not for the first time, to quit in despair.

Such passive-aggressive conduct served him well. In the late 1940s Secretary of State George C. Marshall, eager to reward his temperamental theorist of the early Cold War, granted Kennan his fondest wish: a policy planning staff, within the Department of State, created for the sole purpose of furnishing Kennan, and some handpicked associates, office space to think about the world and advise the government. But this, too, led to conflict and frustration. While Kennan was serving as counselor to Dean Acheson, arguments over stationing U.S. troops in Japan (Kennan was against it) and the conduct of the Korean war prompted him to leave the department and repair to the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, more or less for good. Kennan was a lifelong student of Russian-American relations, a graceful writer, and a natural oracle and armchair strategist. He twice won the Pulitzer Prize, granted audiences to scholars and acolytes in Princeton, and was offered all the privileges of a visiting head of state by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Two themes emerged in Kennan's long life. The first was an obvious psychic conflict between the desire to participate in public affairs and an equal horror at its personal cost. In his memoirs he recalled the pleasure

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he derived from his notoriety after the Long Telegram and the 1947 article in *Foreign Affairs* that propounded his theory of containment of Soviet expansion: "My reputation was made," he wrote. "My voice now carried." But such satisfaction came at a price Kennan could not, or would not, pay.

General Marshall's gift of the policy planning staff, which might have provided a lifetime sinecure to a different sort of diplomat, was torture for Kennan. Barely six months into his tenure as ambassador to the Soviet Union, in 1953, he gave an interview in West Germany in which he compared daily life in Moscow to his internment by the Nazis in wartime Berlin. Stalin, with some reason, took offense, and Kennan was declared persona non grata. It was an indiscretion of such monumental size, a blunder of such startling magnitude, that it could only have been prompted by some irresistible, self-destructive impulse. But like the food fight with Wilbur Mills, it relieved him of the dread responsibilities of state and enabled him to retreat to Princeton.

Bringing us to the other theme. In contemporary histories Kennan was often roped together with the "wise men" who guided U.S. foreign policy in the postwar era. But Kennan bore little resemblance to, say, Acheson, or Bohlen, or Harriman: He was a middle-class product of Milwaukee, worked his way through Princeton, and considered that his doctrine of containment had been horribly disfigured by those charged with carrying it out. In the last half-century of his life he affected a disdain for the exercise of American power, a revulsion for the vulgar practice of democracy, and in his 90th year advocated the establishment of an appointive "council of state"—drawn, in the words of the *New York Times*, "from the country's best brains to advise all branches of government in long-term policies."

It is not difficult to guess who he had in mind as chairman, and how many months might have passed before he resigned, once again, in sorrow. ♦

Casey on Deck

Pennsylvania's great Democratic hope warms up for 2006. BY DUNCAN CURRIE

FOR A PRO-LIFE DEMOCRAT, Bob Casey Jr. finds himself wooed by some unlikely backers. New York senator Chuck Schumer, for one. Earlier this year, the unfailingly pro-choice Schumer recruited Casey to challenge GOP incumbent Rick Santorum in the 2006 Pennsylvania Senate race. The very day Casey announced his bid (March 4), Democratic governor Ed Rendell coaxed his chief primary rival into withdrawing. (Funny, given that Casey lost a nasty gubernatorial primary to Rendell in 2002.) So it appears Casey will have a relatively painless path to the nomination. And a new Keystone poll shows him in a dead heat with Santorum.

The family name commands great clout in Pennsylvania. Casey's father, Bob Casey Sr., was governor from 1987 to 1995. The elder Casey never soft-pedaled his thoughts on Democrats and the unborn. "The Democratic party broke its historic compact with mainstream America when it volunteered itself as the party of abortion on demand," he once said. Such comments made him the national paladin of pro-life Democrats. Last November, his son received more votes than any candidate for statewide office in Pennsylvania history (albeit against a weak GOP opponent) to become the new state treasurer. The younger Casey, state auditor general from 1997 to 2005, is fiscally liberal, yet, like his father, forthrightly pro-life.

And because of that, not all Democrats have embraced him. Several prominent abortion advocates—including National Organization for Women president Kim Gandy, Feminist Majority president Eleanor Smeal, and feminist grande dame Gloria Steinem—recently cosigned an email "alert" that reports "some Democratic leaders are actively recruiting anti-abortion candidates and forcing out pro-choice Democrats!" They point to Casey—"a staunch abortion opponent in the mold of his father"—and call his candidacy "a calculated effort by party leaders to build a so-called 'bigger tent' at the expense of women's rights." By signing their e-petition, folks can tell Schumer and Rendell "that women will no longer be taken for granted."

It's possible pro-choice groups might draft and fund another Democrat to run against Casey in the primary. But either way, says Democratic consultant Larry Ceisler, "everybody that counts is on board with Casey." As the No. 3 Senate Republican and a liberal *bête noire*, Santorum makes a prime target. "Santorum is Pennsylvania's Daschle," explains Ceisler, referring to the Senate Democratic leader defeated for reelection in 2004. "That's why there was such an effort to court Bobby Casey." Which means Casey, despite his conservative views on abortion, may become for Democrats in '06 what South Dakotan John Thune was for Republicans in '04—the principal focus of the party's Senatorial Campaign Committee.

Santorum recognizes this. "They want to 'Daschle' me," he notes without prompting. All the same, Santorum adds, he'd rather "play in the Super Bowl" than in "an exhibition game." He sounds confident—"I feel very good"—and brushes aside the notion that Casey's social conservatism will cut into his base. "Pro-lifers aren't gonna leave me," Santorum says.

That's not just bravado. Santorum,

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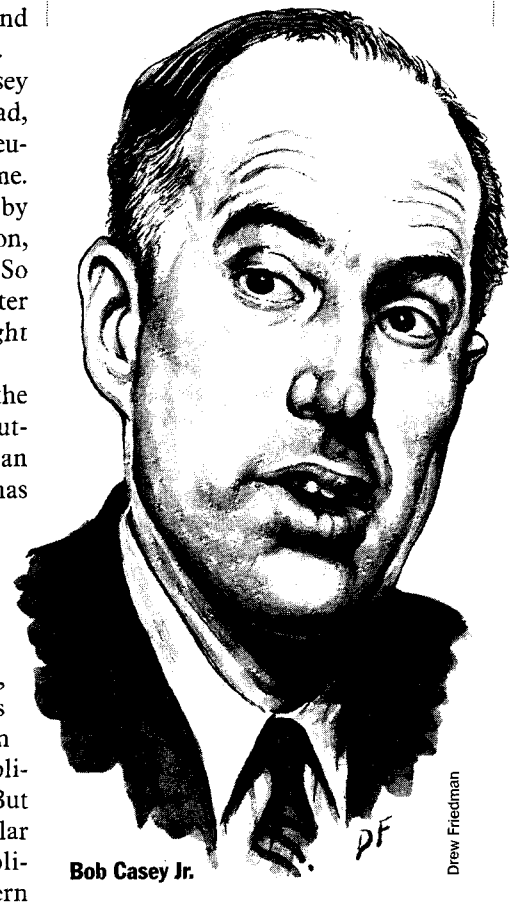
46, is among the most vocal and tireless abortion foes in the country. He led the fight for a partial-birth ban. He cosponsored "Laci and Conner's Law." He's championed the Unborn Child Pain Awareness Act. He's also pushed for curbs on RU-486 and tighter parental notification statutes. His pro-life paper trail is impeccable. Casey, by contrast, has no legislative record on abortion. And if elected, he'd be joining a Democratic caucus that frowns on pro-life legislation and opposes anti-*Roe* judicial nominees.

But Democrats don't expect Casey to "out-pro-life" Santorum. Instead, they hope his pro-life stance will neutralize abortion as a campaign theme. They feel Casey can strike a chord by talking up Social Security, education, health care, and the economy. So expect Casey to run from the center and depict Santorum as too "right wing" for the Keystone state.

How will that message sell? On the one hand, registered Democrats outnumber Republicans by more than 500,000. But as James Carville has quipped, Pennsylvania is "Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, with Alabama in between." Statewide elections frequently turn on two regions: the leafy Philly suburbs and the industrial, working-class west. The west boasts huge swaths of former Reagan Democrats, while moderate Republicans predominate in the suburbs. But party tags mean little. Blue-collar western Democrats prefer Republicans about as often as southeastern Republicans prefer Democrats.

The reason is cultural more than anything. A steady surge of Central and Eastern European immigrants—Germans, Italians, Poles, Slovaks, Lithuanians—flooded western Pennsylvania in the late 1800s. Combine the region's large Catholic population with its history of steelworks and coal mining and you have a pool of voters who tilt socially conservative (anti-abortion, anti-same sex marriage, pro-gun) but economically populist (anti-free trade, pro-labor).

Though Casey, 44, hails from Scranton, in northeastern Pennsylvania, socially conservative Democrats in the west recognize him as one of their own. "He's a perfect fit in our neck of the woods," says congressman Mike Doyle, a Democrat from the Pittsburgh area. Like Santorum, Casey opposes same-sex marriage and favors gun rights. In the 2004 election, he was the only Democrat to win conservative Westmoreland County, once a hotbed of Reagan Democrats,



Bob Casey Jr.

Drew Friedman

which George W. Bush carried easily. But Santorum is from the west—he grew up in suburban Pittsburgh—and many conservative Democrats there have supported him.

The 2006 Senate race will likely hinge on the Philadelphia suburbs, which are historically Republican but also are home to swelling numbers of soccer moms and wealthy liberals. Philly's four main suburban counties—Bucks, Montgomery, Delaware, and Chester—have indeed trended Democratic over recent years. But fiscally conservative GOP moderates hold the balance of power. Democrats who poll well among such voters—like the popular Gov. Rendell—tend to be pro-choice and anti-gun.

Casey is neither. And as GOP consultant David Welch points out, moderate Republicans "are used to voting for Senator Santorum, even though they disagree with him on some social and cultural issues." Santorum carried the Philly suburbs handily in 2000, when the Democrats fielded a pro-life, pro-gun congressman named Ron Klink. Klink's heresy on abortion and firearms cost him dearly among local and national Democratic donors. Santorum outspent him and won by 6 points.

But Casey, who declined to be interviewed for this article, has at least four things working in his favor that Klink didn't. (1) Klink was scarcely known outside his native Pittsburgh. Casey's name recognition goes without saying. (2) Rendell, the former mayor of Philadelphia, is up for reelection in 2006. Democrats trust he will boost turnout for Casey in the Philly suburbs. (3) Since 2000, Santorum has become a hate figure for many social liberals, partly for his remarks on the Texas sodomy case in April 2003. Some see Santorum as the new Jesse Helms, or perhaps the Senate's version of Tom DeLay. This may help pro-choice liberals reconcile themselves to voting for the pro-life Casey. (4) Democrats are already painting Santorum as the GOP's Tom Daschle—the scalp they covet most. This will make Pennsylvania's Senate campaign a truly national race.

Santorum's opponents concede he is a tenacious campaigner, an attractive speaker, and one of the smartest GOP senators. He's never lost an election. And while Casey must corral piqued liberals, Santorum enjoys a cohesive base. Still, Santorum "is in for the battle of his life," says Welch. If the senator wants a "Super Bowl"-type contest, he may get his wish. "From this day forward," Welch predicts, Santorum-Casey will be "the number one Senate race in the country." ♦

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Remembering the Ambassador

Sol M. Linowitz, 1913-2005.

BY JOSEPH EPSTEIN

I REMEMBER THE HEFT of the envelope, the thick creamy paper, the name Coudert Bros. printed in the upper left-hand corner. Letters from law firms do not necessarily bring good news; and the very French-sounding name of this one made me think that perhaps someone from the Balzac estate, catching me out at last in plagiarizing their ancestor, had turned the matter over to Coudert Bros., instructing them to obtain a large settlement.

The letter turned out to be from Sol M. Linowitz, a partner at the firm, conveying kind and generous words about the essays I had been writing in the *American Scholar* magazine. I don't have the letter before me, but I recall that there was nothing perfunctory about it, and it showed that its author had read my scribblings with care. The letter ended on an invitation to lunch with him when I was next in Washington, D.C.

I was pleased and curious, too. I knew that Sol Linowitz had been present at the creation, and was later chairman, of the Xerox Corporation, that he had been U.S. ambassador to the Organization of American States, and that he was a hardy perennial at the time of year when universities gave out honorary degrees. He was also a figure in the contemporary Jewish pantheon, one of those men who, having done well in business, went on to cover themselves with honor in public service. He was—as I once overheard a Jewish man say to his train companion, tapping the headline of his *Tribune* announcing Edward Levi's appointment to the presidency of the University of Chicago—"one of our boys, you know."

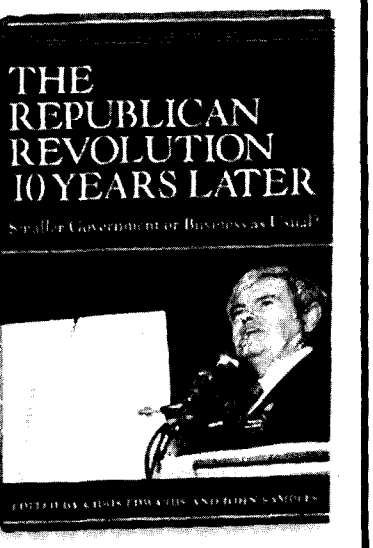
We met for the first time for lunch at the F Street Club, a house turned into a dining club for the old-line Democratic party establishment. Awaiting Sol in one of the club's outer rooms, I noted Edwin O. Reischauer, for many years the American ambassador to Japan, and Senator Mike Mansfield, in his day Senate majority leader, both now aged and rather desiccated figures. "Ambassador Linowitz is here," the very impressive gray-haired African-American maitre'd told me, and led me into one of the club's inner rooms.

There a slender, smiling man greeted me with a good handshake, telling me how much he had looked forward to this meeting. He had salt-and-pepper, wavy hair without any sign of balding, an aquiline nose, a good tan, and impressive character lines that did interesting things when he laughed, which, I was to discover, he did often. He was well-tailored in an unshowy way. He must have been vastly wealthy from his Xerox days, but nothing in his manner suggested the bullying rich man used to getting his way.

He was courtly and old shoe (*heimish* is the Yiddish word), serious and whimsical, all at once. In conversation he could shift easily from grave talk of the muddle in the Middle East to a splendid joke about a man who had his rabbi do a memorial service for his dog Buster ("I'm so grateful to you, Rabbi," the punchline to this joke runs, "until this afternoon I had

Joseph Epstein is a contributing editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

The Era of Big Government Is Not Over.



A wide-ranging evaluation of the consequences of the 1994 Republican takeover of Congress on the occasion of its 10th anniversary, including comments by some of the architects of that takeover. The 16 authors cover every facet of government. Some find lasting effects; others, negligible effects; still others, effects that are the opposite of the aims proclaimed in the Contract with America. An interesting and informative read.

—Milton Friedman

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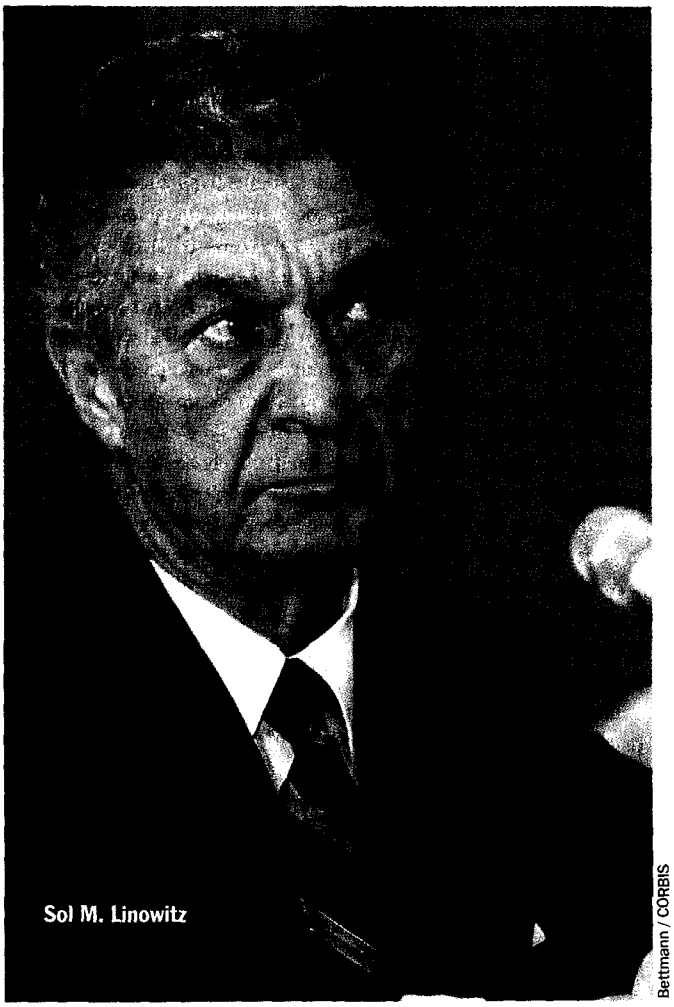
no idea how much Buster had done for Israel.").

The F Street Club had no menu, but each day a different single dish was served that, in my experience, was so good that any complaints about the lack of choice were eliminated. Young women with Irish accents served the meal. On our first lunch, Sol had arranged for a room in which we were the only occupants. He told me that Ellsworth Bunker (with whom he had negotiated the Panama Canal Treaty, which he didn't tell me) had arranged his membership for him, informing him that the F Street Club was a place where a diplomat could meet in assured privacy to discuss significant matters.

He also told me that, when he was admitted to the club, he scanned the membership list, noting that there seemed to be no Jewish names on it. He went to the manager, told him how pleased he was to be a member, but added that, seeing no other Jews among the membership, he felt, don't you know, a bit of a token. Wasn't there, he wondered, something that could be done about that, if only to make him feel more at home? Other Jewish members were soon added.

Once, when we got on to the subject of family feeling, Sol told me: "I'll tell you about mother love. When I was a boy, about to be *bar mitzvahed*, my mother asked the rabbi if it would be all right if, while reading my Torah portion, I could accompany myself on the violin?" I thought that a superior joke, but in the *New York Times* obituary for Sol I learned that he had actually played violin in the Ithaca Symphony Orchestra (he went to Cornell Law School) and, to pick up needed cash, in summer dance bands.

What he never played was his own horn; at least he never tooted it in my presence. I hadn't known, for example, that he had been a president of the National Urban League, or that he had won a Presidential Medal of Freedom. He rarely talked about his other accomplishments, past or present. I once asked him what he supposed Bill Cosby did with all the hoods from his honorary degrees. "Probably the same thing I do with mine," he said. "Hang them in a closet and forget about them." When I asked him how many he had, he said, if I remember correctly, 64.


Sol M. Linowitz

Bettmann / CORBIS

Sol went to Hamilton College, in upstate New York, and was proud of the place. Ezra Pound, Alexander Woolcott, and Elihu Root, who as secretary of state won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1912, were its other, odd-trio, notable graduates. When Sol was a student at Hamilton, in an early version of a work-study job, he read to Root, who had lost his sight. One day he asked the old gentleman whether he should become a rabbi or a lawyer, and Root told him that, between the two jobs, being a lawyer would present him with a life of greater moral complexity. Sol took the moral complexity of the legal profession very seriously, and in his 1994 book *The Betrayed Profession: Lawyering at the End of the Twentieth Century*, he attacked contemporary lawyers for their thoughtless careerism, their want of loyalty to their clients and to one another, going for the money above all else.

Loyalty Sol admired, and practiced it. He was loyal to Hamilton College, he was loyal to his Jewishness (his three surviving brothers all changed their last names to Linowes), he was loyal to the Democratic party (insofar as it didn't go off the rails), and he was loyal to his friends.

He was the sage uncle most of us at one time or another could have used but never had. Various Democratic presidents availed themselves of his advice: Lyndon Johnson, Jimmy Carter, Bill Clinton. I never had occasion to come to him for counsel, but we had a running joke that he was my physician, and when a long stretch went by during which we hadn't seen each other, he would send a note informing me that it was time I came in for a check-up and that, frankly, my X-rays didn't look good.

Sol Linowitz was a quietly confident man who distrusted the show of certitude in others. The only people I ever heard him criticize were those journalists, politicians, and intellectuals who specialized in knowing

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what he felt was the unknowable. He was also death on vulgarity. I recall him looking contemptuously at a long row of stretch limos outside the F Street Club, and remarking that the pervasiveness of such gaudy display was not a good sign for the country. As a lifelong Democrat, he couldn't have much enjoyed the Bill Clinton-Monica Lewinsky fiasco, though he laughed when I told him that the moral I drew from it was that you didn't want to fool around with a Jewish girl.

He was a man of high energy, whose health seemed to hold well into his eighties, though he required a defibrillator and wore a copper bracelet. I remember his showing me a letter about his sixtieth class reunion at Hamilton College, in which, in a postscript, it was announced that walkers and wheelchairs would be provided. Pointing to the postscript, he said, "This is why I'm not going."

Wealth and even wisdom are of no avail against the juggernaut of old age. The last time I saw Sol, he was on one of those three-pronged aluminum canes, and one eye was drooping badly. For the first time in all our conversations, he had memory lapses, and couldn't call up names or the titles of books. "'As long as you've got your health,' the old Jews used to say," he remarked, "and about this they weren't wrong."

Before his death at 91, Sol was for a long time removed from the center of power, where he enjoyed being. The *New York Times* referred to him as "one of the handful of people who truly fit the description 'wise man,' applied to those in Washington whose counsel was regularly sought by presidents, senators, and others in power." How wise Sol was would be difficult for me to calibrate. He was, though, thoughtful and kind, and what made him rare in our time was that he was concerned above all about the good of the country. This gave him a largeness of spirit and even a touch of grandeur that seems to be disappearing from American life. ♦

A Nation at Risk

Saudi Arabia's top educator leaves no Wahhabi child behind. BY OLIVIER GUITTA

THE MOST IMPORTANT political event in Saudi Arabia in the last year may have been the appointment on February 9 of Abdullah bin Saleh al-Obaid, a hardcore Wahhabi, to the prestigious post of education minister. Al-Obaid replaces a secularist reformer at the head of a ministry controlling 27 percent of the national budget and influencing the mind of the next generation. In choosing a Wahhabi for this vital post, Crown Prince Abdullah snubbed his Western friends and handed a victory to the sympathizers of al Qaeda.

Al-Obaid's background bodes ill for the future of his country, as well as for our war on terror. From 1995 to 2002, al-Obaid was the head of the Muslim World League, an organization that in its origins, mission, and associations is bound up with Islamic extremism. One of its founders was Said Ramadan, leader of the Muslim Brotherhood and father of the influential Swiss Islamist Tariq Ramadan. Its official goal is to "disseminate Islamic Dawah [proselytizing] and expound the teachings of Islam." Since its founding in 1962, it has spent billions of Saudi government dollars to expand worldwide for the purpose of spreading Wahhabism.

But that's not all: The Muslim World League has direct links to al Qaeda. Its branch in Peshawar, Pakistan, was led by Wael Jalaidan, "one of the founders of al Qaeda," according to the U.S. Treasury Department. The Peshawar branch is where Wadih El-Hage, convicted for his role in the 1998 U.S. embassy bombings in Africa, worked and where he met Abdullah Azzam, the mentor of Osama bin Laden and a cofounder of al Qaeda.

Moreover, the main arm of the Muslim World League is the International Islamic Relief Organization (IIRO), a front for al Qaeda. According to Rachel Ehrenfeld, the author of *Funding Evil: How Terrorism is Financed—and How to Stop It*, the IIRO has used more than 70 percent of its funds to purchase weapons. The Egyptian magazine *Rose al-Youssef* described the IIRO as "firmly entrenched with Osama bin Laden's al Qaeda organization." As early as March 2002, the U.S. headquarters of both the Muslim World League and the IIRO were raided and closed by federal authorities. One of the officers of the now defunct Herndon, Virginia, branch was none other than Abdullah al-Obaid.

After his tenure at the Muslim World League, al-Obaid was named chairman of the Saudi National Commission for Human Rights, in which capacity he vigorously rejected the U.S. State Department's designation of Saudi Arabia as a "country of concern" for religious freedom. Al-Obaid pointed out that his commission had not received a single complaint from anybody regarding violation of their religious freedom—which is just what you'd expect in a country that allows only one religion, Wahhabi Islam.

But what is most worrisome about al-Obaid's appointment as education minister is that it sounded the death knell of the reform efforts of his predecessor, Muhammad Ahmad al-Rashid. That Saudi education policy is in need of reform there can be no doubt.

An official statement of Saudi gov-

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ernment education policy was translated by the Center for Monitoring the Impact of Peace, in Jerusalem, and quoted in the center's 2003 study of Saudi education. It asserts, for example:

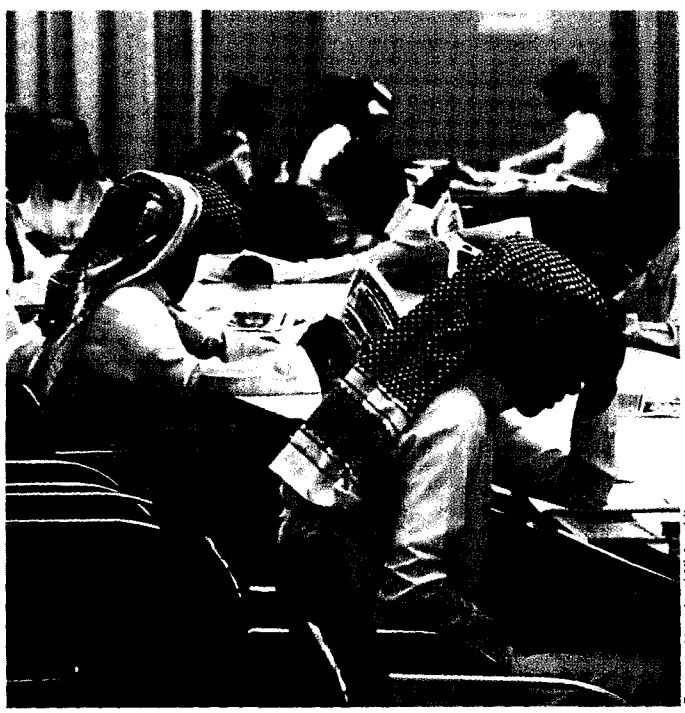
> • The purpose of education is understanding Islam correctly and completely, implanting and spreading the Islamic faith, providing the student with Islamic values.
> • Calling for conversion to Islam in all parts of the earth with wisdom and good religious exhortations is the duty of both the State and the individual.
> • Awakening the spirit of Islamic Jihad in order to resist our enemies, reclaim our rights, return our past glories, and perform the duty of the Islamic mission.

The same study reviewed 93 books taught in grades 1 to 10 mostly in the years 1999-2002. According to the reviewers:

> Islam is presented as the only true religion, while all other religions are presented as false. Islam is the only religion leading its followers to paradise, whereas all other religions destroy their believers in Hell. Christians and Jews are denounced as infidels and are presented as enemies of Islam and of Muslims. The West in particular is the source of the past and present misfortunes of the Muslim world. Jews are a wicked nation, characterized by bribery, slyness, deception, betrayal, aggressiveness and haughtiness. Also even grammar books are full of phrases exalting war, Jihad and martyrdom.

Partly under pressure from the West, including the U.S. administration and Congress, then-education minister al-Rashid tried to reform the system. During his tenure, a major study of the religion curriculum in state schools for boys was presented at the Second Forum for National Dialogue, in December 2003. The authors, both Saudis, were a former judge and a journalist. They reported that the curriculum denigrated and incited hatred of both non-Muslims and non-Wahhabi Muslims. The researchers made recommendations for moving away from this extremist line.

Some inside the royal family have spoken with apparent conviction of the need for reform. Crown Prince Abdullah himself told senior education officials in September 2004, "Watch your teachers. We want to serve the religion and the homeland, not terrorism." Al-Rashid added, "Any element implementing an extremist policy will be uprooted from the educational system."



Reuters / Landov / Ali Jarekji

Students at King Saud University

Actions, however, speak louder than words. Last month—the very day after a meeting of the education ministers of the six Gulf countries including Saudi Arabia issued a call for reform of Islamic teaching in order to "spread a culture of moderation and tolerance"—Abdullah fired al-Rashid and replaced him with al-Obaid. And there are other signs that the extremists are holding their own.

In a remarkable column published in the Saudi daily *Al Riyadh* mere weeks later, on February 24, and translated by the Middle East Media Research Institute, a lecturer in social science at King Saud University named Badria bin Abdallah Al-Bishr described her astonishment at discovering that her son's teacher was one of the perpetrators of the December 30, 2004, car bombing of the Saudi Interior Ministry in Riyadh. She also recounted that after 9/11 her fifth grader was taught at school that Osama bin Laden was a hero, while her third grader was instructed to draw a picture of the two planes hitting the twin towers.

Especially since 2002, an intense internal battle has pitted reformers against hardliners inside the Saudi elite, and it looks like the Wahhabis have just won a round. The reformers are allowed cosmetic victories, like the public service campaign just announced by the Saudi government to educate the public about the dangers of extremism. Meanwhile, Wahhabis control what happens in the classroom.

As long as Saudi schools keep teaching hatred of "the other," it will be obvious why Saudi Arabia remains the fount of terrorism—why 15 of the 19 hijackers on 9/11 were Saudis, and most of the prisoners at Guantanamo are Saudis, and most of the foreign terrorists in Iraq are Saudis.

In a recent speech to the National Defense University, President Bush urged that "Arab states stop their support for extremist education." Maybe it's time Crown Prince Abdullah heard that message directly from the president. ♦

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How Liberalism Failed Terri Schiavo

The question is not only what she would have wanted, but what we owe her.

By Eric Cohen

The story of Terri Schiavo is both peculiar in its details and paradigmatic in its meaning. The legal twists, political turns, and central characters are so odd that one hesitates to draw any broader conclusions. But the Schiavo case is also a tragic example of the moral and legal confusions that govern how we care for those who cannot speak for themselves, especially those whose lives might seem less than fully human. And so we have a responsibility to confront what has happened and why—especially if we are to understand our moral obligation as caregivers for incapacitated persons, and our civic obligation to protect those who lack the capacity to express their will but are still human, still living, and still deserving of equal protection under the law.

AP / Wide World Photos / Chris O'Meara

Demonstrators outside the Woodside Hospice in Pinellas Park, Fla.

In February 1990, a sudden loss of oxygen to the brain left Theresa Marie Schiavo in a coma and eventually in a profoundly incapacitated state. Terri's husband, Michael Schiavo, took care of her, working alongside Terri's parents. He took her to numerous doctors; he pursued experimental treatments; he sought at least some modest restoration of her self-awareness. In November 1992, he testified at a malpractice hearing that he would care for Terri for the rest of her life, that he "wouldn't trade her for the world," that he was going to nursing school to become a better caregiver. He explicitly reaffirmed his marriage vow, "through sickness, in health."

But the lonely husband eventually began seeing other women. His frustration with his wife's lack of improvement seemed to grow. When Terri suffered a urinary tract infection in the summer of 1993, he decided to cease all treatment, believing that her time to die had come, that this was what Terri would have wanted. But Terri's caregivers refused to let her die, and Michael Schiavo relented—for the time being. Not all Terri's doctors, however, saw their medical obligation in the same way; one physician declared that Terri had basically been dead for years, and told Michael that he should remove her feeding tube. Michael responded that he "couldn't do that to Terri," that he could never leave his wife to die of dehydration. But at some point, his heart changed. He decided that it was time for her final exit and his new beginning. He decided that his own wishes—for children, for a new family, for new love unclouded by old obligations—were also her wishes. He decided that she had a right to die and that he had a right to let her die.

Terri's parents, Robert and Mary Schindler, objected. They claimed that their son-in-law was no longer a fit guardian; that he was motivated by the money he would inherit at Terri's death; that Terri could improve with more love and better care. And so a long legal drama

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ensued, making its way through the Florida court system, centered on two sets of questions: First, what would Terri Schiavo have wanted? Would she want to die rather than live in a profoundly incapacitated condition? Was Michael Schiavo's decision to remove her feeding tube an act of fidelity to his wife's prior wishes or an act of betrayal of the woman entrusted to his care? Second, what was Terri Schiavo's precise medical condition? Did she have any hope of recovery or improvement? If her condition was unalterable—the persistence of sleeping and waking, the inscrutable moans, the uncontrolled movement of her bladder, the apparent absence of any self-awareness—was her life still meaningful?

The first question—what would Terri Schiavo have wanted?—is the central question of modern liberalism when it comes to caring for those who cannot speak for themselves. It is the autonomy question, the self-determination question, the right to privacy question. At its best, the liberal autonomy regime protects the disabled from having other people's wishes wrongly imposed on them—whether in the form of over-treatment or under-treatment. And it affirms the "liberty interest" of those who no longer possess the capacity to act freely, by allowing the past self to speak for the present one. In legal terms, this is called the "substituted judgment" standard: We must do what the incompetent patient would have wanted; we must pretend that she could pass judgment on the worth of the person she is now, according to the interests and values of the person she once was.

The right to have medical treatment withheld on one's behalf was codified in a string of legal cases over the last few decades. Ideally, the individual's wishes would be laid out in an advance directive or living will, describing in detail what kind of care a person would want under various conditions. This is procedural liberalism's ideal of autonomy in action: The caregiver simply executes the dependent person's prior orders, like a lawyer representing his client. But even persons without living wills still have a legal right to have their wishes respected, so long as those wishes can be discovered. Each state establishes specific criteria and procedures for adjudicating the incompetent individual's wishes in cases where these wishes are not clear, especially when there is a dispute between family members (as in the Schiavo case) or between the family and the doctors.

Under the law of Florida, where the Schiavo case was adjudicated, the patient's prior wishes must be demonstrated with "clear and convincing evidence"—the highest standard of legal certainty in civil cases. In cases where this standard of proof is not met, the court must "err on the side of life," on the assumption that most people, even those who are profoundly disabled, would choose life rather than death. In other words, the state is not supposed to judge the comparative worth of different human beings, but to protect the right of individuals to decide for themselves when their lives would still have meaning. And in cases where the individual's wishes are uncertain, the state of Florida is charged to remain neutral by not imposing death. This is the aim of procedural liberalism—and this is where things went terribly wrong in the Schiavo case.

With scant evidence, a Florida district court concluded that Terri Schiavo would clearly choose death over life in a profoundly incapacitated state. There was no living will, no advance directive, no formal instructions left by Terri Schiavo about what to do for her under such circumstances. Instead, the court relied entirely on Michael Schiavo's recollection of a few casual conversations, on a train and watching television, in which Terri supposedly said that she wouldn't want to live "if I ever have to be a burden to anybody" or be kept alive "on anything artificial." This was evidence of her possible wishes, to be sure. But in light of Michael Schiavo's own earlier statements and behavior—including his pledge to care for Terri for the rest of her days, his unwillingness to remove her feeding tube when the idea was first suggested, his shifting sense of moral obligation as he realized that Terri's condition was probably permanent, and his romantic involvement with multiple other women—these recollections hardly constituted "clear and convincing evidence" of Terri's wishes. In this case, the court had a legal obligation to "err on the side of life." Instead, it chose to allow Michael Schiavo to choose death.

Part of the problem was simply judicial incompetence—especially the court's decision, in direct violation of Florida law, to act as Terri Schiavo's guardian at key moments of the case rather than appoint an independent guardian to represent her interests, separate from the interests of her husband and her parents. But the problem went deeper than incompetence: It also had to do with ideology—with a set of assumptions about what makes life worth living and thus worth protecting. *Procedural liberalism* (discerning and respecting the prior wishes of the incompetent person; preserving life when such wishes are not clear) gave way to *ideological liberalism* (treating incompetence itself as reasonable grounds for assuming that life is not worth living). When the district court's decision to allow Michael Schiavo to remove the feeding tube was challenged, a Florida appeals court framed the question before it as follows:

> [W]hether Theresa Marie Schindler Schiavo, not after a few weeks in a coma, but after ten years in a persistent veg-

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etative state that has robbed her of most of her cerebrum and all but the most instinctive of neurological functions, with no hope of a medical cure but with sufficient money and strength of body to live indefinitely, would choose to continue the constant nursing care and the supporting tubes in hopes that a miracle would somehow recreate her missing brain tissue, or whether she would wish to permit a natural death process to take its course and for her family members and loved ones *to be free to continue their lives*. (emphasis added)

Now, one could surely read this as an effort to get inside Terri's once competent mind. But more likely, it expresses the court's own view of Terri's now incompetent and incapacitated existence as a meaningless burden, a barrier to her husband's freedom. The court's obligation to discern objectively what Terri's wishes were and whether they were clear—a question of fact—morphed into an inquiry as to whether she could ever get better, with the subjective assumption that life in her present condition was not meaningful life. The question became: Was she in a persistent vegetative state (PVS), and if so, can't we assume that Terri believed death to be preferable to life in such a state?

In response, both sides brought out their best medical experts: Michael Schiavo's doctors to quiet our consciences and assure us that Terri was already long gone, a mere ghost of her former self; the Schindlers' doctors to tell us that she was still responsive to her environment and still might get better, even after years of not improving. Clearly, for many years, Terri's treatment was subpar, and to this day many tests that could clarify her diagnosis have not been done. At the same time, a conservative estimate of her prospects for recovery suggests that her chances were slim, and that she would remain in her profoundly incapacitated state till the end of her days. The court finally ruled that she was indeed in a PVS, and that her feeding tube should be removed—which it was on October 15, 2003.

By then, of course, the Schiavo case had become a public drama, and the outcry at the prospect of leaving Terri to die was overwhelming. The Florida legislature sprang into action, and on October 21, 2003, it passed "Terri's Law," giving the governor authority to stay the court's judgment, order the feeding tube back in, and order a review of the case by an independent guardian charged to report on Terri's behalf. So began the next round of court fights and political battles. The ACLU joined Michael Schiavo in challenging the constitutionality of Terri's Law. Terri's court-appointed guardian issued a largely unhelpful report. And eventually, the Florida court overturned Terri's Law, rejected the Schindlers' appeals, and ordered that the feeding tube once again be removed—which it was the other day, on March 18, 2005. And despite Congress's dramatic effort to restart the case in federal court and Gov. Jeb Bush's continued encouragement to the Florida legislature to act again on her behalf, the most likely outcome at this writing is death by dehydration—the final triumph of Michael Schiavo's will, and supposedly what Terri Schiavo herself would have wanted.

For all the attention we have paid to the Schiavo case, we have asked many of the wrong questions, living as we do on the playing field of modern liberalism. We have asked whether she is really in a persistent vegetative state, instead of reflecting on what we owe people in a persistent vegetative state. We have asked what she would have wanted as a competent person imagining herself in such a condition, instead of asking what we owe the person who is now with us, a person who can no longer speak for herself, a person entrusted to the care of her family and the protection of her society.

Imagine, for example, that the Schindlers had agreed with Michael Schiavo that Terri's time had come, that she would never have wanted to live like this, that the feeding tube keeping her alive needed to come out. Chances are, there would have been no federal case, no national story, no political controversy. Terri Schiavo would have been buried long ago, mourned by the family that decided on her behalf that death was preferable to life in her incapacitated state. Under law, such an outcome would have been unproblematic and uneventful, so long as no one had claimed that Terri Schiavo's previous wishes were being violated. But morally, the deepest problem would remain: What do we owe those who are not dead or dying but profoundly disabled and permanently dependent? And even if such individuals made their desires clearly known while they were still competent, is it always right to follow their instructions—to be the executors of their living wills—even if it means being their willing executioners?

For some, it is an article of faith that individuals should decide for themselves how to be cared for in such cases. And no doubt one response to the Schiavo case will be a renewed call for living wills and advance directives—as if the tragedy here were that Michael Schiavo did not have written proof of Terri's desires. But the real lesson of the Schiavo case is not that we all need living wills; it is that our dignity does not reside in our will alone, and that it is foolish to believe that the competent person I am now can establish, in advance, how I should be cared for if I become incapacitated and incompetent. The real lesson is that we are not mere creatures of the will: We still possess dignity and rights even when our capacity to make free choices is gone; and we do not possess the right to demand that others treat us as less worthy of care than we really are.

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A true adherence to procedural liberalism—respecting a person's clear wishes when they can be discovered, erring on the side of life when they cannot—would have led to a much better outcome in this case. It would have led the court to preserve Terri Schiavo's life and deny Michael Schiavo's request to let her die. But as we have learned, the descent from procedural liberalism's respect for a person's wishes to ideological liberalism's lack of respect for incapacitated persons is relatively swift. Treating autonomy as an absolute makes a person's dignity turn entirely on his or her capacity to act autonomously. It leads to the view that only those with the ability to express their will possess any dignity at all—everyone else is "life unworthy of life."

This is what ideological liberalism now seems to believe—whether in regard to early human embryos, or late-stage dementia patients, or fetuses with Down syndrome. And in the end, the Schiavo case is just one more act in modern liberalism's betrayal of the vulnerable people it once claimed to speak for. Instead of sympathizing with Terri Schiavo—a disabled woman, abandoned by her husband, seen by many as a burden on society—modern liberalism now sympathizes with Michael Schiavo, a healthy man seeking freedom from the burden of his disabled wife and self-fulfillment in the arms of another. And while one would think that divorce was the obvious solution, this was more than Michael Schiavo apparently could bear, since it would require a definitive act of betrayal instead of a supposed demonstration of loyalty to Terri's wishes.

Perhaps we can fashion better laws or better procedures to ensure that vulnerable persons get the care they deserve. But even truly loving caregivers will face hard decisions—decisions best left in their hands, not turned over to the state. And in reality, most decisions will be made at the bedside, where the reach of the law will always be limited, and usually should be. Moreover, the autonomy regime, at its best, prevents the worst abuses—like involuntary euthanasia, where doctors or public officials decide whose life is worth living. But the autonomy regime, even at its best, is deeply inadequate. It is based on a failure to recognize that the human condition involves both giving and needing care, and not always being morally free to decide our own fate.

In the end, the only alternative is a renewed understanding of both the family and human equality—two things ideological liberalism has now abandoned and modern conservatism now defends. Living in a family means accepting the burdens of caring for those bound to us in ties of fidelity—whether parent for child, child for parent, or spouse for spouse. The human answer to our dependency is not living wills but loving surrogates. And for those who believe in human equality, this means treating even the profoundly disabled—people like Terri Schiavo, who are not dead and are not dying—as deserving of at least basic care, so long as the care itself is not the cause of additional suffering. Of course, this does not mean that keeping our loved ones alive is our only goal. But neither can we treat a person's life as a disease in need of a cure, or aim at death as a means of ending suffering—even if a loved one asks us to do so.

Perhaps we should not be surprised at the immovable desire of Terri's parents to keep her alive and the willingness of Terri's husband to let her go. Parental love and spousal love take shape in fundamentally different ways. Parents first know their children as helpless beings, totally dependent on their care. Husbands first know their wives as attractive, autonomous beings who both give and receive love, and who enter into marriage as willing partners. But to marry means pledging one's fidelity despite the uncertainties of fortune. The beautiful wife may become disfigured, the wished-for mother may prove to be infertile, the young woman teeming with life may be plunged into a persistent vegetative state. Marriage often demands heroism, and we can hardly condemn those who fall short of it. But we can surely fault those, like Michael Schiavo, who claim to speak in the name of loved ones they have abandoned, and insist that letting them die is what they desire or deserve.

To question whether Michael Schiavo has his wife's best interests at heart is not to make this case ethically or humanly easy. The decision to continue feeding a person in a profoundly incapacitated state is always wrenching. We must at least wonder whether ensuring years or decades with a feeding tube, with no self-control, and with virtually no possibility of improvement is not love but torture, not respect for life but forced degradation. We, too, must tremble when we demand that people like Terri be fed. But in the end, the obligation to feed should win out, because the living humanity of the disabled person is undeniably real.

On March 18, 2005, the day her feeding tube was removed, Terri Schiavo was not dead or dying. She was a profoundly disabled person in need of constant care. And despite the hopes of her parents, it was unlikely that her medical condition would improve, even with the best possible care administered by those with her best interests at heart. But even in her incapacitated state, Terri Schiavo was still a human being, a member of the Schindler family and the human family. As such, she was still worthy of protection and care, even if some of those closest to her wished to deny it. ♦

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Vanity of Vanities

Glossy magazines used to be guilty pleasures. Then they discovered George W. Bush

By Noemie Emery

On March 6, the Drudge Report noted the fact that newsstand sales for the magazine *Vanity Fair* had plummeted by 22.5 percent during the last half of 2004, attributed by the editor to three successive covers that showed pictures of . . . men. What Drudge did not cite is the parallel fact that this slide tracks exactly with the mutation of the magazine from a great escape read of the guilty-pleasure variety, the place to go for fatuous film stars, Princess Diana, and society murders, into a Bush-bashing rag of the fiercest variety, one that at times last year seemed almost possessed.

In the July issue (out early in June), readers looking for their quick fix of high life and low morals were startled instead to read a hatchet job on Bush's female appointees and relations, a glowing account of Iraqi insurgents ("mothers, teachers, and seasoned warriors"), and a big wet kiss bestowed on former counterterror-chief-turned-Bush critic Richard Clarke. Subsequent issues featured an attack on Don Rumsfeld (by a media critic!), an even larger wet kiss bestowed on Joe Wilson (the publicity-hound spouse of outed spy Valerie Plame), attacks on the role of the church in the culture, claims that Bush's indifference had caused 9/11, claims that Bush's agriculture department had poisoned small children, an unreadable rant about the horrors to come should Bush be reelected, and a hilariously indignant and one-sided account of the Florida recount that only Al Gore could take seriously.

By September, in order to get at the good stuff—like the tale of an heiress who dropped dead in a health club—one had to wade through no less than four Bush-bashing pieces, including the editor's letter, two different pieces decrying the neocon chickenhawks, and one very long story depicting the president as a dark reading of Henry V—a born-again wastrel and drunkard who led his country to eventual ruin via an ill-advised war. Every month, the magazine found new ways to kvetch about the president. Bush dodged the draft! Bush was mean to John McCain in the 2000 primaries! Bush stole the election in Florida, and—watch out for those touch-screens!—is planning to steal it again. No one can really know what causes a rise or fall in magazine sales, and it is always possible that large numbers of readers were so repelled by the sight of Jude Law (cover boy on one of the poor-selling issues) that they fled screaming. But it also seems likely that not a few readers took a quick look at the table of contents, and dropped the thing back in its rack.

The new *Vanity Fair* is a story the old one might have wanted to cover, as it points up an interesting trend: The really fierce strains of anti-Bush feeling come less from established political sources than from what might be called the "glitz-based community"—people connected to Hollywood, fashion, or celebrity media, who produce diversions and lifestyle advice. At the shallower end of the pool of arts and intellect, they tend to produce the facile and transient; they make TV shows, or write them; make clothes, or write about them; try to become, or failing that tend to the needs of, celebrities.

A surprising number are media critics, who live at a twofold remove from engagement, as they comment on work that is less than important itself. Joining *Vanity Fair* in these up-market trenches are numerous glossies, the style and arts sections of the major papers, the *New Yorker*, known mainly for fiction and cultural coverage (and for ads for things costing zillions of dollars), and *New York*, known and read mainly for tips about shopping and real estate, restaurant ratings, and stories on murder and stock market crime. After the election, when the *American Prospect* and the *New Republic* were engaged in solemn bouts of soul-searching, the glossies indulged in new bouts of hysteria. "There will be a draft," imagined *New York*'s James Atlas: "The polar ice caps will melt. . . . The Patriot Act will be used to stifle dissent in the media. . . . Jews will be rounded up." "Rounding up Jews" might not seem to compute with Bush's being a captive of neocons, but logic is not the strong suit of this faction. What Bush seems to be facing is less the normal opposition of a traditional part of the political class than a visceral uprising

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among fashionistas, a vast metrosexual spasm on behalf of a self-image based on cultural preening. "Do you mean there's still going to be civilization?" Atlas wrote on the grim morning of November 3: "Classical music, summaries of the week's *New York Times Book Review*, murmurous programs on the 'Treasures of Ancient China' exhibit at the Met?" Was the Met on the ballot? I seem to have missed it.

What makes all this more than mildly funny is the fact that glitzkrieg—political war as carried on by the glossies—has become in a sense the core of the Democrats, their chief source of lucre, and most prominent face. "Look at Kerry's chief supporters and you see a new kind of elite," says Joel Kotkin, "a veritable 'hipocracy' of high-tech tycoons, Hollywood moguls and celebrities, and a bevy of Wall Street financiers." This describes the table of contents in most of the glossies, most of their subjects, and sometimes their writers and editors, one of whom pulled down a cool $100,000 for pitching a movie idea. An Axis of Edginess, they make up the Miramax wing of the party (named after the Hollywood studio that branched into publishing, and whose head is an ardent and tireless Democratic fundraiser). Last year, John Kerry cleared almost $50 million in Hollywood, and was seldom without a phalanx of film stars, who dominated his convention in Boston and stumped with him throughout the campaign.

"The most talked-about party at the Democratic convention was the one thrown by the Creative Coalition, featuring the kind of people one normally reads about at the supermarket," wrote the *Wall Street Journal*'s Daniel Henninger. "The most talked-about Democratic fundraiser before the convention was at Radio City Music Hall, featuring Whoopi Goldberg. . . . The most talked-about Democratic fundraising event after the convention is the Vote for Change Tour. . . . The world of celebrity and the world of the Democratic party are now joined at the hip." To this the glitzies bring all their good judgment, their sense of proportion, and their understanding of the common man.

The Democrats who used to produce things—cars, steel, and foodstuffs—are being replaced by those who produce fads and fashion, things people enjoy but don't need. Societies need teachers, soldiers, engineers, and mechanics; they need people who drill for oil and fix cars; people who understand war and politics. No one needs sitcoms, movie reviews, handbag designers, gossip columnists, or professors of gender construction, but this superfluous cadre is becoming the core of the party of Truman and Roosevelt, an alliance of the superficial and trivial, along with the hopelessly poor. Call it the FDR coalition, minus the South, minus the farmers, minus a large part of labor, which has been weakening, and seeing the nonpublic sector part of its membership go over to voting Republican. This is not a national coalition, but it does know the best stores and best restaurants, and knows where to go for good hair.

Few embody the new order as perfectly as Tina Brown, once a notable editor of *Vanity Fair* and of the *New Yorker*, whose columns last year were the source of much innocent merriment. A pipeline into the collective psyche of the glitz-based community, Brown's column tracked the doings of the "New York Dems"—those wonderful people who bravely carried the torch for John Kerry all the way from fundraisers in East Hampton to watering holes on the upper East Side, where they shared anxieties over their overpriced menus. What fun it all was, and how we looked forward to Thursday, when her column appeared in the *Washington Post*!

Thanks to Tina, we know that at noon on Election Day—when the erroneous exit-polling gave rise to the eight-hour reign of President Kerry—*Sex in the City* actress Sarah Jessica Parker was receiving "minute-by-minute updates from Democratic get-out-the-vote wranglers in Ohio" at Michael's restaurant, and gloating over her chicken paillard. We know how they suffered through all of it, their power-meals interrupted by Bush-praising waiters; their fundraisers rained on, their simple pleasures constrained by the hard numbers: "Every time you go out to dinner in Manhattan, someone at the next table is anxiously parsing a poll." And then there was Brown's heartache on behalf of John Kerry, cosmetically deprived due to conservative raillery: "Grayer, because he can no longer risk getting a much-needed brunet rinse. . . . Ashen, because he can no longer take the chance that Internet split screens will show his pallid self beside a suspiciously oranged-up, sun-lamped version. And creased with furrows, because it's not worth the flak if Teresa's Botox guy gets caught with his little black bag on his way up to the campaign suite." (What could Lincoln not have done if he'd had a good stylist?)

Botox aside, Kerry was the ideal candidate for this troop of trendies, who never fail to get major things wrong. He had more money even than they did, come by with even less merit and work. His playgrounds—Nantucket and the chalet in Idaho—looked like ads for Ralph Lauren. His résumé looked terrific: Back Bay, private island, Swiss boarding school, Ivy League, interminable terms in the Senate, vacations with cousins in France. Even more than Martin Sheen, he looked like Hollywood's dream of a president; tall, almost emaciated, face long and solemn, brow furrowed with what could be mistaken for deep thought. Except that no one can remember

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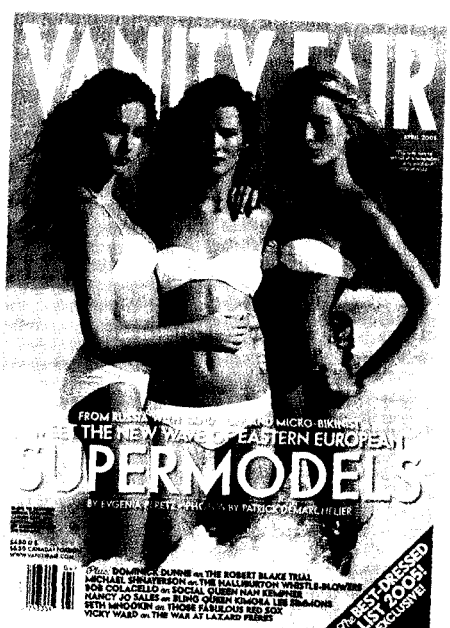
an idea that he ever put forward, or a sentence he has said (in French or in English) that expressed anything novel or interesting. This of course made him ideal for the glitter-based wing of his party. "Kerry's Democratic allies view him as someone who is categorically superior to Bush in preparation, intellectual ability and knowledge of the world," Tom Curry wrote on MSNBC's website in September, quoting Teresa as dismissing as "idiots" those who demurred on Kerry's health insurance proposal. An intellectual without ideas, for trendies who think they are intellects. A perfect match.

There never was a full court press like the one put on in the last election by the lifestyle media, all of it dumping on Bush. *Esquire* had already obliged by showcasing angry Bush rejects John DiIulio and Paul O'Neill. *New York* treated the Republican convention in August as a hostile invasion. The *New Yorker* ran a two-page cartoon that showed Republican delegates with fangs and tails. In the *New York Observer*, Gail Sheehy, late of *New York* and *Vanity Fair*, trotted out the Jersey Girls, four widows of September 11, to blame Bush, Rice, and Rumsfeld for killing their husbands. Tina Brown longed for "an up-close moron moment with the president, vivid enough to power negative reinforcement forever on late-night TV." No rock concert was complete without the artiste interrupting the program to curse out the president. "Go to the shrink, unload your fantasies about both Air Force One and Two going down," advised Chris Smith in *New York* just after the election. The outbursts of spleen by the crème de la something led the glitterati to cherish hopes that somehow the word would get through to those zombies out there between Zabar's and Malibu. "The red states will eventually 'get it' about Bush—won't they?" Brown wrote in April. "The capital of media and marketing can't believe that the country will stay on these rancorous, mutually exclusive parallel tracks forever. Surely politics, like fashion, trickles down?"



VF's latest: a solution to those newsstand woes?

Well, no. Bush won. After four years of glitzkrieg, he turned a three million vote deficit against Gore and Nader into a three million vote victory. He even picked up votes in the blue states, the bailiwicks of the media biggies, winning 300,000 more votes than in 2000 in California, and 200,000 more votes in New York. Among the groups thought of as house pets by the glitz-based community, he made critical gains: He gained among Jews, blacks, and Hispanics, and shrank the gender gap, winning men by 11 points, while losing women by 3. Since one of the glitzies' main themes was that Bush loathed blacks, Jews, and women, this suggests that their words did not resonate, and that their arrogance combined with hysteria may well have turned people off. Poor things. Nobody ever told them of the dangers of overkill, or warned them that what came across as knowing and cute at their soirees could sound bizarre to a rational audience, that what they thought of as taking a stand looked a lot like throwing a tantrum.

After the election, a little stunned by their own lack of influence, some seemed afraid that hordes of red-staters were about to descend and impound them for treason, but the truth was much more crushing: Nobody hated them, nobody feared them, and nobody cared what they thought. "Elites . . . believe that their underappreciated political insight is a natural byproduct of their own proven artistic genius, education, talent or capital," says Victor Davis Hanson, who does not sing or dance, but knows a great deal of history. "It is apparently a terrible thing to be sensitive, glib, smart, educated, or chic—and not be listened to."

No one told them either of the dangers of dissonance: Like Hollywood stars who take the Lear jet to the Save the Earth Conference (and bleed for the poor while dripping in emeralds), the glossies are unlikely venues for moral haranguing. They make their money running ads that urge people to pamper themselves, and spend obscene sums on gadgets and trinkets. Their content extols people who indulge themselves hugely, and make and spend vast sums of cash. They exist to entertain, not to enlarge or enlighten; they feed not our hunger for beauty and truth, but our craving for gossip and opulence. No one can stay on a high plane forever, which is why these magazines thrive and flourish, but most readers can tell the difference between a diversion and life-and-death matters, and keep them quite segregated.

In the end, readers declined to take instruction in serious business from people who are more at home at Oscar Night parties than at Pentagon briefings, and spend their days watching sitcoms, or sucking up to publicists for TV

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stars. The glitzies thought their flash and their verbal facility made them a class of superior people. But right now, they look more like a Cliveden Set for the 21st century, shallow and surly, and over their heads in trying to face the real world and its dangers. And, as of this writing, hopelessly wrong.

A few years ago, talk-show pundette Laura Ingraham wrote a book called *Shut Up & Sing*, addressed to the divas of rockdom and Hollywood who take their mandate to entertain us through their theatrical talents to mean a directive to impress us with things they do less well, such as thinking. To the divas of the lifestyle press, one can only add: "Shut up, and go back to Princess Diana." And then we can love you again. ♦

Condiplomacy

Travels with the new secretary of state

By Jonathan Karl

Democratic reformers facing repression, prison, or exile can know: America sees you for who you are: the future leaders of your free country.
—George W. Bush, January 20, 2005

When the leading opposition figure in Egypt was arrested on questionable charges in late January, Condoleezza Rice saw a perfect test of President Bush's inaugural promise to stand with democratic reformers around the world. Egyptian authorities jailed Ayman Nour just nine days after Bush's inaugural address. "They couldn't have picked a worse time to do this," Rice told Elliott Abrams of the National Security Council when she heard the news. Indeed. Rice first directed State Department spokesman Richard Boucher to make an uncharacteristically blunt statement. "We are concerned by the signal that the arrest sends," Boucher said, warning the Egyptians against "rough treatment" of Nour and noting, "He is one of Egypt's most prominent opposition leaders." Two weeks later, with Nour still in prison, Rice gave Hosni Mubarak's government the diplomatic equivalent of a kick in the teeth.

At the end of a meeting at the State Department with Egyptian foreign minister Ahmed Gheit and a sizable contingent of Egyptian and U.S. officials, Rice made her move. She asked everybody—except Gheit, the Egyptian ambassador, and David Satterfield of the State Department's Near Eastern Affairs Bureau—to leave the room. No note-takers, no posturing. Just blunt talk. "She shot him over Ayman Nour, just shot him," said a source familiar with the discussion. Rice's message was unambiguous: Nour's arrest threatened to poison U.S.-Egyptian relations. If he were not released, she warned, she might cancel plans for an upcoming trip to Cairo. Gheit said the Nour case was working its way through the Egyptian legal system and U.S. pressure would be unhelpful. This phase of the meeting lasted more than 20 minutes, as reporters waited for Rice, now uncharacteristically late, to appear at a joint press conference with Gheit. Stung by the bluntness of Rice's criticism, the Egyptians insisted she not mention Nour's name at the press conference.

She didn't have to say his name. When a reporter asked whether she had talked about Nour's imprisonment in the meeting, Rice avoided diplomatic niceties: "Yes, I did raise our concerns, our very strong concerns about this case," she said. "I did talk at some length about the importance of this issue to the United States, to the American administration, to the American Congress, to the American people." Visibly shaken, Gheit stood silently at Rice's side. Nour remained in jail, and Rice cancelled her long-planned trip to Egypt.

If her first months in office are any indication, Secretary Rice's State Department is going to be radically different from Colin Powell's. Rice has forbidden her senior staff to make even off-the-record comparisons between her and Powell, but they don't need to. Rice's senior advisers like to say that she will be an effective secretary of state because when people talk to her they believe they are talking to the president. Powell may have been respected around the world, but he was viewed as out of step with the administration. As a result, when he spoke to a foreign leader, there was often a nagging question: Is Colin Powell

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speaking for the Bush administration or is he speaking for himself? Nobody asks that question about Condoleezza Rice. So when Rice hits somebody, it stings.

Rice's proximity to the president, combined with the sense of urgency she brings to her new job, has turned the State Department into a political power center again, the kind of place where Karen Hughes, one of President Bush's two or three closest advisers, would take a third-tier job. Even Dina Powell, who as director of White House personnel had no shortage of opportunities in the administration, chose to go to work for Rice as an assistant secretary of state. The State Department has been something of a political backwater for more than a decade. In the Clinton years, Warren Christopher was so inactive that a running joke among Foreign Service officers during his tenure was to complain about something and add, "None of this would be happening if Warren Christopher were alive." Madeleine Albright traveled more, but that only contributed to the perception that she was out of the loop and AWOL when the major national security decisions were being made by the National Security Council. And in George W. Bush's first term, Powell made his biggest headlines when he was at odds with the White House.

Getty Images

Condoleezza Rice with Chinese premier Wen Jiabao, in the Great Hall of the People, Beijing

Rice keeps a frenetic travel schedule, and in most countries, she meets with the head of state, not just the foreign minister. Yet she also sets great store by unofficial stops. Senior adviser Jim Wilkinson, Rice's Michael Deaver, plans carefully constructed photo opportunities for each of the secretary's trips. In Japan, Rice was greeted by a 600-pound sumo wrestler; in China, she went onto an ice skating rink (without skates) with some of China's best young figure skaters; in Paris, she visited a music school; in India, she toured Humayun's tomb. All this smacks of a political campaign, and in a way it is. Rice is campaigning to improve America's image around the world. The pictures often run on the front pages of big foreign newspapers and get considerable play on regional television. The visual message is effective: a secretary of state reaching beyond government leaders.

Although Rice's mantra since her confirmation hearings has been "The time for diplomacy is now," she is showing that she can land some punches too. She's spent considerable effort charming the Europeans with diplomatic talk about the transatlantic alliance, but when the Euro-

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pean Union signaled its intention to lift its embargo on arms sales to China, Rice got tough. In a closed-door meeting with E.U. officials on her first trip to Europe, she said she did not want to see European technology aimed at American sailors patrolling in the Pacific. At a particularly tough meeting with the E.U. political leadership, the befuddled acting president of the E.U., prime minister of Luxembourg Jean-Claude Juncker, spilled coffee on his lap.

When the E.U. continued to move toward lifting the embargo, Rice publicly stepped up the pressure. At a press conference in South Korea, where some 30,000 American troops are deployed, Rice said Europe should not contribute to China's already alarming defense build-up, adding, "It is the United States—not Europe—that has defended the Pacific." By the next day, the Europeans, citing increased Chinese belligerence toward Taiwan, had postponed their decision on the embargo.

Rice even got tough privately with Canada over what she considered inflammatory comments by Canadian prime minister Paul Martin. Martin announced Canada would not join U.S. efforts on missile defense, and then acidly warned the United States not to use Canadian airspace without permission. "This is our space, our airspace. We're a sovereign nation and you don't intrude on a sovereign nation's airspace without seeking permission," Martin told reporters. Rice was to travel to Ottawa in April but abruptly cancelled her plans. Officially the trip wasn't happening because of "scheduling" issues, but the Canadians got the message.

Rice seems most determined to make her mark with the vigorous pursuit of the president's freedom and democracy agenda, which is remarkable considering Rice's intellectual roots. When she signed on as a foreign policy tutor for George W. Bush in 1998, Rice had a firmly established reputation as a realist with little appetite for moralistic foreign policy. In her worldview back then, values were important, but the national interest was narrowly defined, and the overriding goal was stability. She was a protégée of President George Herbert Walker Bush's national security adviser, Brent Scowcroft. It was Scowcroft who, just six months after the Chinese army slaughtered peaceful pro-democracy protesters in Tiananmen Square in 1989, went to Beijing and toasted the very Chinese leaders who had the blood of the students on their hands.

As Scowcroft's Soviet specialist on the National Security Council, Rice was asked to craft a reassessment of U.S. strategy toward the Soviet Union. She advised a cautious approach to Mikhail Gorbachev's Soviet Union, emphasizing stability over democratic revolution. In July 1991, George H.W. Bush gave his infamous speech in Ukraine warning those trying to shake off Russian domination against "suicidal nationalism." William Safire dubbed it the "Chicken Kiev" speech and the biggest foreign policy blunder of the first Bush presidency. Although Rice can't be blamed for the speech (she'd left the White House several months earlier), it wasn't inconsistent with the course she had advised vis à vis the crumbling Soviet Union.

A decade later, in the midst of the 2000 presidential campaign, Rice laid out a realist foreign policy in a lengthy *Foreign Affairs* article entitled simply "Promoting the National Interest." She criticized the Clinton administration's attempts at nation-building in places like Kosovo and Haiti and warned against an excessively moralistic foreign policy. "To be sure, there is nothing wrong with doing something that benefits all humanity," she wrote, "but that is a second-order effect." Rice was asked about the article, as she often is these days, by a Japanese student after she gave a speech in Tokyo. Rice joked, "It shows, never write an article and then go into government; people might actually read it."

For his part, President Bush says he never read that *Foreign Affairs* article, but he didn't need to. Months after the September 11 attacks, Nicholas Lemann wrote a piece in the *New Yorker* asking, "Has Condoleezza Rice changed George W. Bush or has he changed her?" Nearly three years later the answer seems clear: Bush changed Rice. The student with almost no foreign policy experience ended up reshaping the foreign policy worldview of his tutor. By all indications, Condoleezza Rice has taken over the State Department as a true believer in the president's democratic crusade. The realist seems to have been converted into a full-fledged foreign policy moralist.

I asked Rice about the "Chicken Kiev" speech last month while she was on her first trip as secretary of state. "I think that what they were trying to say is that it was important that any movement towards independence take into account the issues of a Soviet Union that was not yet disarmed of its nuclear weapons and was a very big power on the European continent," she said. And, in fact, that was exactly what Rice was saying when she wrote her reassessment of Soviet policy for the National Security Council in 1989. "The fact is, of course, by July of 1991, the world was very different than that speech seemed to describe. The Soviet Union was breaking up; the Soviet Union was breaking up peacefully. But, that's a lot easier to see in hindsight than it might have been to see in July of 1991. So, you know, it's always very easy to go back and to critique a speech that far after the fact and say that you weren't being foresightful. It's a lot easier in 2005 to see that, than it was in 1991."

Rice doesn't want to be caught on the wrong side of history this time, especially when it comes to the Middle

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East. She has very clearly signaled that she is serious about pushing for democratic reform in the region, even if that means complicating U.S. relations with key allies like Egypt and Saudi Arabia. Privately, she acknowledges that the Condoleezza Rice who worked for George H.W. Bush would be surprised to see herself pressing reliable American allies like Egypt on democratic reforms. The new Rice has instructed the State Department's notoriously cautious Near Eastern Affairs bureau to put democratic reform at the top of the foreign policy agenda for the region. "We used to mention reform in our discussions" with Arab governments, says a senior official who has worked in Near Eastern Affairs for more than a decade. "But it was the fourth or fifth item on the agenda, and it was never taken too seriously. Now it's at or near the top of the agenda for virtually every meeting."

It's not hard to imagine the old Rice espousing the realist view that pushing for democracy in the Middle East will backfire. According to this view, public opinion in places like Egypt and Saudi Arabia is anti-American and extremist, while the autocratic governments are reliably pro-American. In London, I asked Rice, "Don't you have to be careful what you wish for? In countries like Saudi Arabia and even Egypt, if you had full democratic elections tomorrow, you could end up with governments that are more radically Islamic and more anti-American than you have now."

The old Rice would have answered yes. The new Rice sees that U.S. support for repressive and unpopular governments is part of what fuels anti-Americanism in the region. And, yes, values matter. She told me, "Having some faith in values that have worked to bring human dignity and pride to so many parts of the world is something that America of all places should be willing to stand for."

Rice hasn't changed completely. The new Rice picks her pro-democracy fights with an eye to power politics. She gets more cautious as she heads further east. On her recent trip to China, Rice had a private meeting with President Hu Jintao but avoided any in-depth discussion of human rights or democracy. Instead, she used her time with the president of China to talk about immediate concerns like North Korea, Taiwan, and intellectual property rights. But at the end of the meeting, she told President Hu, "I'm going to church," and headed off to one of just five officially sanctioned Protestant churches in Beijing.

Rice saw it as a Palm Sunday statement about religious freedom, and at a press conference the following day she spoke passionately about the importance of religious freedom. But the Chinese long ago became accustomed to U.S. officials' going to the few legal churches in Beijing. In fact, Secretary Albright had visited the same church Rice attended. The pastor of this state-licensed church, in a sermon about Jesus' entry into Jerusalem on the day Rice was there, emphasized, "The Lord did not come to overthrow an earthly government, he came to overthrow evil in the hearts of men."

Rice will push China, but only so far. She opted against pursuing a resolution condemning China at the U.N. Human Rights Commission this year, citing progress on human rights and the release of Rebiya Kadeer, a celebrated political prisoner jailed for the crime of sending newspaper clippings overseas. Kadeer was released just days before Rice's visit, saying, "Thanks to the American government, American people, they freed me." But shortly after the State Department opted against a resolution criticizing China's human rights record, a reminder came that there is much to criticize. Chinese authorities charged democracy proponent Zhang Lin with subversion simply for trying to attend memorial services for ousted Communist party leader Zhao Ziyang. Zhang Lin had spent eight years in prison during the 1990s for pro-democracy activities; now he is likely to face another stiff sentence.

Rice also soft-pedaled the democracy agenda in her meeting with President Pervez Musharraf in Islamabad. Musharraf, or "the general" as President Bush called him in the 2000 campaign, has come under fire for reneging on his promise to shed his military uniform and give up his leadership of the armed forces. Reporters asked Rice at least four times while she was in Pakistan whether she had brought up the issue with Musharraf. She never answered, but senior officials acknowledge she did not. What she did repeatedly emphasize is that the United States will hold Musharraf to his promise of presidential elections two years from now. Standing next to Rice at a press conference, the Pakistani foreign minister pledged "totally free and fair" elections in 2007.

Rice sees the best chance—and most urgent need—for democratic gains in the Middle East, and it is there that she will push hardest. She can already claim some successes. Ayman Nour was released from prison on bail on March 12, and President Mubarak, facing American pressure, announced that Egypt will hold a multicandidate presidential election. This exercise, though, may prove to be a sham. In the past, Mubarak, president since the 1981 assassination of Anwar Sadat, has never faced a political opponent. And even in the upcoming election, all candidates will have to be approved by the Mubarak-controlled parliament. One test of the election's legitimacy will be whether Nour, who declared his candidacy shortly after he was freed, is allowed to run. Either way, Secretary Rice seems willing to keep the pressure up. ♦

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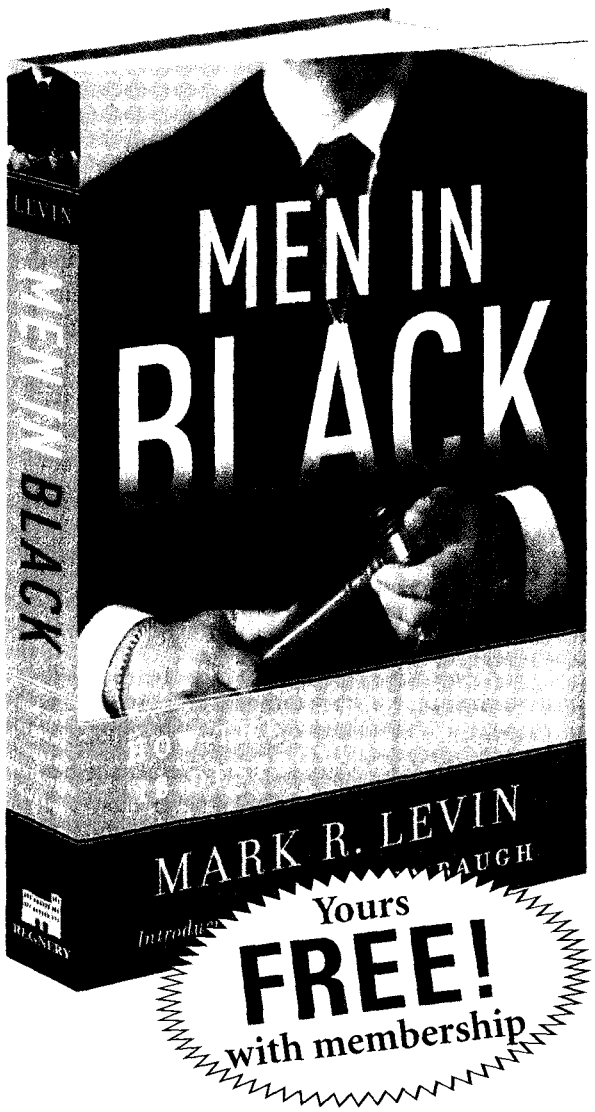
They've done more harm to America than Dan Rather, Barbra Streisand, Martin Sheen, John Kerry and both Clintons combined...



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Where's Tonto?

You won't find out at the new Indian Museum

By Ken Ringle

Smithsonian Institution / Richard Strauss

Former senator Ben Nighthorse Campbell at the opening ceremonies

When one enters the spanking new $199 million, 250,000-square-foot National Museum of the American Indian in Washington, the first objects encountered are two native watercraft. One is a 19-foot Hawaiian canoe of polished koa wood with an outrigger carpentered from the incomparably-named willi-willi tree. The other boat is a 10-foot Inuit kayak crafted from cedar and nylon cloth. Both objects are admirable in every way—perfect marriages of utility and art. Both speak eloquently of native artisanship and native seamanship, not to mention the courage and humility evoked by small boats on great waters.

They also raise a very large and fundamental question: What the hell do they have to do with the American Indian?

Which is pretty much the problematic dilemma of the newest museum on the National Mall. It is much less an institution dedicated to the comprehensive exploration of any instructive history and culture than it is a monument to the self-validation of all indigenous peoples in the Americas (and offshore). It is also a monument to the sort of academic and curatorial cowardice that washes these days through the hallways of the arts and social sciences. Evidence suggests the wearisome tide of political correctness may be ebbing—however slowly—on the nation's campuses, but the Indian museum demonstrates that it has yet to recede in the cultural institutions of the nation's capital. Indeed, we may have here something approaching a flood-prone basement that will never completely dry out.

That this should be so with the National Museum of the American Indian is especially regrettable. Unlike African Americans, for example, whose history and culture (however demeaned and oppressed) have been part of the United States and its colonial antecedents since the early 17th century, American Indians were not only here first, they had a rich and distinctly Western Hemisphere identity wholly separate from the Europeans who sailed here and pushed them west. They have been treated as separate nations from both our republic's earliest times and theirs, and they deserve their own museum, not just for their sake, but for that of the rest of us as well.

What more instructive light could we throw on this nation's journey to the present day than with a tough-minded museum that truly explores

Ken Ringle, longtime reporter and cultural critic for the Washington Post, *writes from retirement.*

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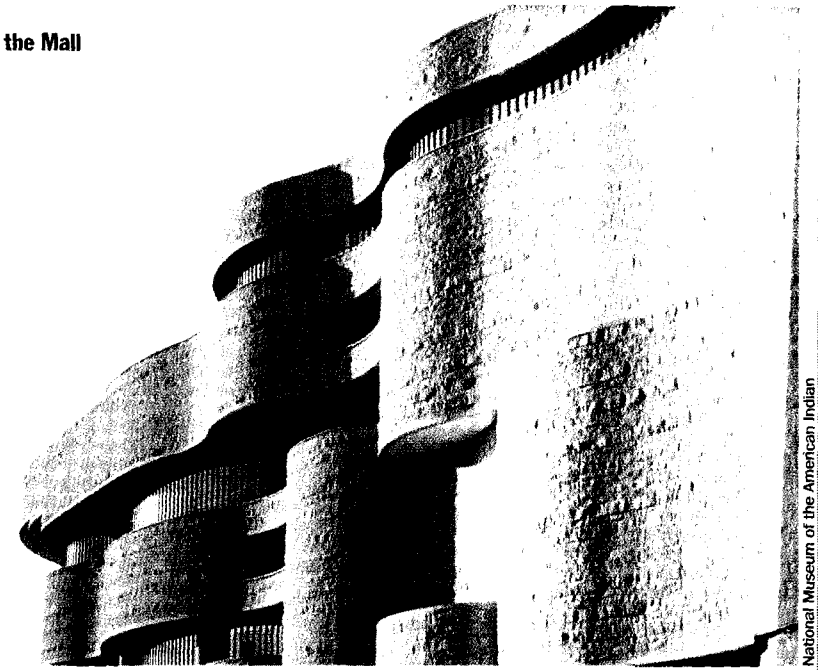

National Museum of the American Indian

Native American history and culture and its astonishing resilience in the face of 400 years of land theft, genocidal warfare, racial bigotry, misplaced paternalism, and disease? Such a museum need not be a horror-catalogue guilt trip; it could be a triumphant story of survival, as well as a vital reminder of this republic's unfinished business. Because from the corn-planting tutelage of Squanto and Powhatan, to the unconquerable resistance of Osceola and the Seminoles to the science and cities of the Maya to the high-steel skyscraper work of New York's Mohawk ironworkers, Indians have taught us much of what it means to be American. We need to acquaint ourselves with those lessons. And so do they.

Alas, as now constituted, the National Museum of the American Indian appears to have no such agenda. The Catch-22 of its mission is that the vast bulk of archaeology, anthropology, and general scholarship on Native Americans has been done over the centuries by non-Indians. In the ethnic hypersensitivity of our touchy-feely era, clearly we can't acknowledge that. American Indians, like all minority groups these days, want to explain their own history, even if others may know more about it.

Therefore, what opened on the Mall last September is a huge and handsome (and mostly empty—just 40,000 of it's 250,000 square feet is exhibit space) building housing a small but bizarre collection of exhibits in which a few indigenous groups attempt to explain such things as how they ice fish in Manitoba or play bingo in Chicago or hunt deer in Virginia. In keeping with current educational theory, the museum eschews any coherent organizing principle such as chronology or "great men" in favor of "social history" and "ideas." But concepts are addressed in such a haphazard, scattershot fashion that they verge on the meaningless.

For example, an entire wall filled with firearms includes an M-16, and an AK-47 assault rifle, as well as an Israeli-made Uzi submachine gun. Just what, if anything, these have to do with American Indians is a mystery. An exhibit label informs us that government forces in 1932 killed 10,000 native people in El Salvador. That was at least 15 years before those automatic weapons were invented, but possibly the curators didn't know that. Visitors can see lots of peace pipes but no war bonnets, and will look in vain for any historical mention of the word "scalp."

Hundreds of stunning examples of pre-Columbian pottery—amulets, pots, plates, bowls, and figurines—are crowded together in a long gallery almost devoid of explanation, though with effort one can computer-game one's way to a bit more information. Considerably more individual attention is given to a pair of contemporary basketball sneakers adorned with red beads by a Kiowa artist in Oklahoma. The sneakers get their own display case.

One exhibit takes a most intriguing idea—the long and multiple use of Indian figures and scenes on colonial and U.S. money—and does almost nothing with it. Native Americans, we are told, were pictured on money as symbols of liberty. But why? And what about as symbols of strength and power? What about pride? What about the Romantic concept of the noble savage, which warred with racism in America's complicated treatment of its native people? And (dare we ask?) what about the Washington Redskins?

One could fill an entire gallery with exhibits exploring the contradictory images and stereotypes of the Native American in nonnative culture through the centuries, not to mention the comparable stereotypes and images Indians held of rival tribes. These are important not just as evidence of cultural condescension and bigotry, but because inevitably they influenced the way Indians came to see themselves.

The one-dimensional portrayal of Indians in Hollywood westerns, whether "good" Indians like Tonto or "bad" Indians like scalp-hungry warriors attacking wagon trains, created a vastly oversimplified image of Native Americans that endures worldwide to this day. The National Museum of the American Indian attempts to ignore this problem—Hollywood Indians are barely mentioned—but it's omnipresent in the brain of every visitor. You can almost feel its presence, like a giant buffalo in the lobby that everyone pretends isn't there.

There's another unacknowledged buffalo as well. One would think the National Museum of the American Indian would have something to say about the Taino people, the Indians who discovered Columbus. An extraordinary number of discoveries have been made in recent years in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, and Cuba illuminating the intriguing culture of the Taino, who were enslaved and essentially wiped out by the Spaniards within 30 years of Columbus's arrival. I found one book on the Taino in the museum shop, but no other mention of this fascinating people, who left behind a wealth of

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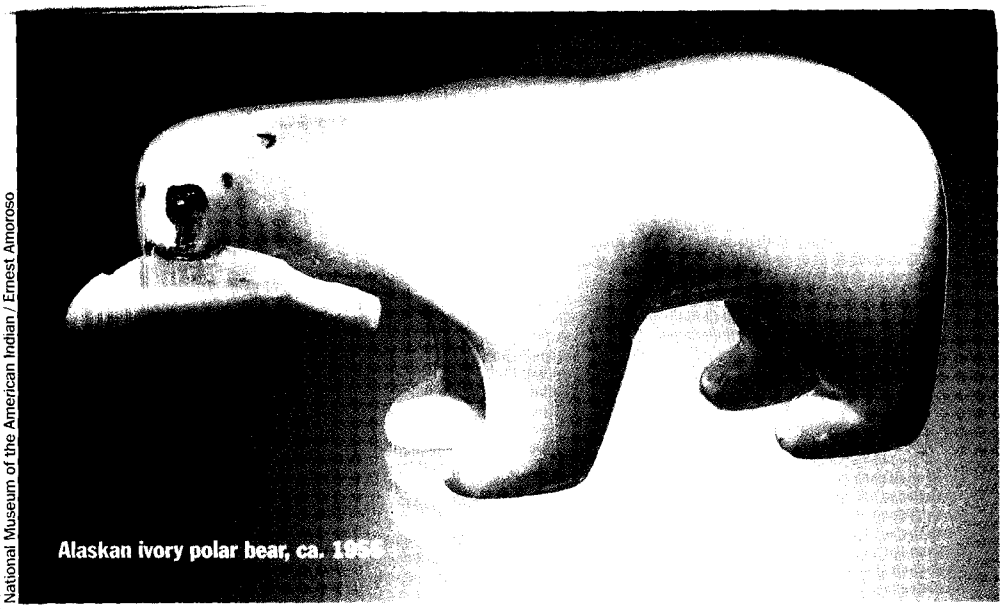
pottery, ceremonial plazas, irrigation systems, and other cultural insignias throughout the Greater Antilles. Few today would suggest that the world of the American Indian began with the Taino-European contact. But that contact was inarguably the crucial hinge in Native American history. Isn't it simple intellectual cowardice not to mention it at all?

Or is the museum far more interested in the present than in the past? There is truly luscious art work at the museum. The two largest exhibits which opened the museum explore the modern art and sculpture of George Morrison and Allan Houser and the jewelry created by that Native American multitalent (and former U.S. senator) Ben Nighthorse Campbell. Much of this gorgeous material unquestionably deserves exhibit somewhere—maybe in the National Gallery of Art. But most of it has far more to do with art than it does with any artistic vision distinctive to American Indians, if indeed such a thing exists. Certainly a few such pieces deserve a place in the Indian museum as cultural representatives. But having placed this enormous building on the National Mall hard by the Capitol, shouldn't Smithsonian curators have devoted most of it to shedding new light on a contentious past? Is what we need most to learn about American Indians how they live today, or how the past has shaped that identity?

Likewise, the history and culture of native Hawaiians and the Inuit probably deserve representation somewhere in the museum, for they share with American Indians a history of dispossession and cultural erosion by nonnative forces. But their history of all that—not to mention its impact—is relatively small and recent in comparison to their overall history as peoples, to the history of American Indians, and to the overall history of this nation as well. Shouldn't Hawaiians and Inuits, therefore, occupy a proportionately smaller place in the museum?

These are arguable curatorial questions, and only a fool would suggest all the answers are easy ones. The essential dilemma of the museum, however, demands a solution. For a number of reasons, not a few of them political, the National Museum of the American Indian wants to be about Native American unity. But the most instructive, the most fascinating, the most historic truth about Native American peoples is, and was, their diversity. The peaceful Pueblo Indians, the warlike Iroquois, the transported Cherokee, and the salmon-fishing Chinook all have their own myths, their own histories, and their own inter-tribal relationships, many of them as fractious as their relationship with the U.S. government. At the time of Columbus there were something approaching 2,500 Indian tribes in the Americas, each with a distinct identity and character.



National Museum of the American Indian / Ernest Amoroso

Alaskan ivory polar bear, ca. 19[illegible]

How does the Indian museum deal with this? It permits just 24 tribal groups, some of them quite small and idiosyncratic, to tell their own story in their own way, whether or not that story or that method of telling communicates much at all. And half of these—half!—aren't even from the United States.

The plan is to rotate the featured tribes in coming years, so that each will eventually get a chance to tell its own tale. Meanwhile, museum visitors miss any sense of the monumental and majestic multiplicity of the Native American past—the vastness of the cultural tapestry that peopled the Western Hemisphere when the first Europeans arrived.

Moreover, what stories and objects are exhibited, are presented almost devoid of any meaningful context—ethnographic, historical, geographic, or linguistic—and this is a point of contention with not a few anthropologists. Unlike the wealth of Native American materials at the Smithsonian's Museum of Natural History, most of which can be traced to a very specific time, place, and circumstance, the bulk of the Indian Museum's 800,000-item collection was assembled by a wealthy New Yorker named George Gustav Heye during the first part of the 20th century, often purchased from other collectors who knew little about the items they were selling. Furthermore, various tribes differ over which artifacts should be viewable by nonnative peoples, so some highly instructive items aren't even on display.

For example, everybody knows that the most famous battle American Indians ever fought, they also won—that 1876 fracas on the Little Big Horn River involving Gen. George Armstrong Custer. Though the story of Custer's Last Stand has been told from Custer's point of view in hundreds of paintings, books, articles, and motion pictures ever since, there is also a little-known Indian version of the story. It is a multipage pictograph, a sort of Bayeux Tapestry, depicting the battle, drawn five years afterwards by a Sioux warrior named Red Horse based on his own memories of that day. Red Horse's pictograph is one of the many American Indian holdings of the National Museum of Natural History.

One might think that an item so vital to telling the Native American side of such a central day in their history would warrant display, or at least mention, in the National Museum of

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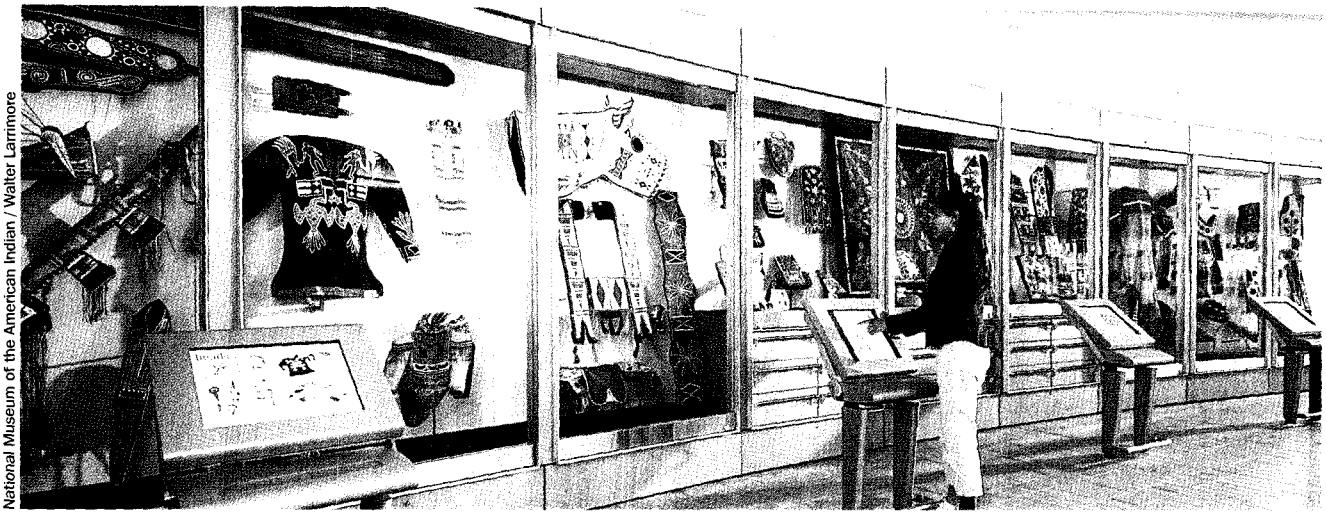


National Museum of the American Indian / Walter Larrimore

Above: Beads at your fingertips; below: Inuit whalebone sculpture, ca. 1972

the American Indian, which could have easily borrowed or copied it for an exhibit. It's not there, apparently because none of the participating tribes requested its inclusion (if, indeed, they even know that it exists) and curators declined to push the issue.

Another curatorial dilemma rivals the evolution/creationism debate currently roiling some of the nation's schools. For both political and religious reasons, most Indians say their ancestors originated here in America on their own historical tribal lands. Informed by the presence in American Indians of Asian DNA, almost every scientist in the world believes Native American ancestors migrated to the Americas from Siberia across an Ice Age land bridge that then spanned the Bering Strait. How does the Indian Museum deal with that? It doesn't.

So what, in the end, are we to make of the National Museum of the American Indian? Well, at least it's visually a great building. What looked under construction like an Orwellian horror aborning has turned out to be one of the most interesting, welcoming, and eye-friendly museums on the Mall. Even without its amiable pond and boulder-studded landscaping, the bulging yellow structure with its rough Kasota limestone cladding seems more like a piece of geology than an intrusion on the landscape. It's as if a rocky bit of Yosemite or Monument Valley or Zion National Park had heaved itself out of the earth in front of the Capitol. Equally intriguing, it manages to be a splendid architectural neighbor, its rough rotundity in perfect counterpoint to the sleek angularity of the National Gallery of Art's East Wing, just across the Mall.

Inside, the Indian Museum's soaring 120-foot atrium with its concentric, skylit dome has been called an extravagance of empty space by a few critics. But if a sense of freedom and open space isn't at the heart of American Indian culture, what is?

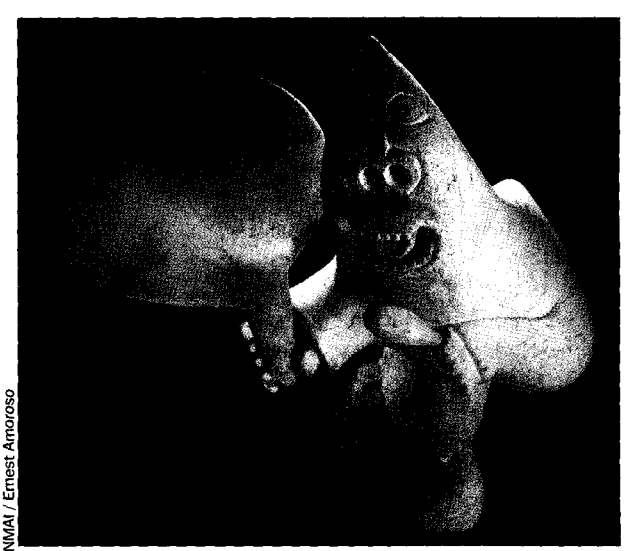
Beyond the building itself, the brightest aspect of the museum may be its future. According to several people involved in bringing it to life, what we now see in the National Museum of the American Indian isn't necessarily what we're always going to get.

"What you have to understand," one of them said, "is that for both political and financial reasons, the Smithsonian wanted desperately to get all the Indian peoples on board for this museum project. They compromised plenty for the sake of that unity, but it worked. You can't know what the museum means to Native Americans all across the country. They take tremendous pride in it. They feel like at last they've arrived in American society, with a visible presence right there in front of the Capitol building."

Now that Native Americans feel at one with the institution, he said, scholars and curators will inevitably feel confident enough to address larger and more fundamental questions about American Indian history and identity.

"There's a lot of New Age woo-woo in the exhibits right now," one western tribal member explained recently. "It's been pushed by a lot of Indians raised in places like New York City, whose understanding of traditional Indian life, while sincere, is abstract at best." While not addressed directly in the exhibit, he says, "one of their big issues is the name of the Washington Redskins."

The National Museum of the American Indian, he suggested, is going to have to decide whether its primary mission is to serve as a psychic prop—not to say agitprop—for contemporary Native American identity, or to open an intellectually honest, vigorous, and challenging dialogue about the fascinating historical journey of the continent's first Americans. It is a decision in which all Americans, in the end, will have a stake. ♦



NMAI / Ernest Amoroso

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Kafka and God

For the author of "The Metamorphosis," it was a lifelong debate. BY JOHN WILSON

Roberto Calasso has written a book about Franz Kafka that concludes by celebrating the practice of magic and the worship of idols, calling for "an end to the atavistic struggle against the gods—a struggle that fails to understand that the singular is one modality of the plural, and the plural one way to catch a flashing glimpse of the veiled splendor."

This is not the way books on the creator of Gregor Samsa are supposed to end—Kafka the neopagan? Kafka at Burning Man?—nor is this the way that a European intellectual is supposed to think. (Europe, we're being told over and over, is secular to the core.)

Bettmann / CORBIS

K.
by Roberto Calasso
Knopf, 328 pp., $25

In most respects, it's true, Roberto Calasso appears to be perfectly cast as an exemplary representative of the European Mind. Presiding over Adelphi, the distinguished publishing house based in Milan, Calasso is a supremely cosmopolitan man of letters. He seems to have read everything, and usually in the original language—not only a dizzying range of European authors and the literature of classical Greece and Rome but also the canonical Sanskrit texts of ancient India—and he is himself a writer with a powerful, subtle intelligence and a seductive style. Dark-haired, hawk-nosed, infinitely urbane, he might have been invented by a novelist or drafted by a filmmaker to embody the European Union's dream of itself.

And yet in one crucial respect, Calasso is spectacularly ill-suited for that role. For if, as George Weigel has written, "European man has convinced himself that in order to be modern and free, he must be radically secular," and if to dissent from that consensus is not merely an offense against reason but a dreadful *faux pas*, then Calasso has soiled the E.U.'s elegant dining room table, by a series of books in which smug atheism of the contemporary European variety is treated with withering scorn. How much keener, Calasso suggests in *The Marriage of Cadmus and Harmony*, was the vision of the Homeric Greeks:

> The gods 'are always,' as the formulaic tags unceasingly tell us; those who recognize the gods live but a brief space. In their modesty, the atheists are full of vainglory. For the brief span of their lives they are convinced they are in control of something, an island of independence later to be dispersed into blind atoms. The Homeric heroes allowed themselves no such consolation: while they lived they were aware of being sustained and imbued by something remote and whole, which then abandoned them at death like so many rags.

In book after book—*The Ruins of Kasch, The Forty-Nine Steps, Ka: Stories of the Mind and Gods of India, Literature and the Gods*—Calasso has pursued this argument. Are the gods real? Yes and no. They offer glimpses of a reality that will remain forever elusive. Driven underground by the narrowness of monotheism, the nihilism of Buddhism, the pretensions of the Enlightenment, they may take on terribly distorted forms, as in the totalitarian horrors of the 20th century: "Behind the trembling curtains of what passes for 'reality,' the voices tremble. If no one listens, they steal the costume of the first person they can grab and burst onto the stage in ways that can be devastating. Violence is an expedient of whatever has been refused an audience."

Calasso reads the history of literature from the German Romantics to the present as a series of episodes in an ongoing revolt against the banishment of the gods. And thus Kafka, who in his diaries described writing as a kind of demon-possession, enters the story.

Like Joseph Brodsky's essay on W.H. Auden's "September 1, 1939," Calasso's study of Kafka is one of those all too rare performances that give literary criticism a reason to exist. Beginning with a sustained immersion in *The Castle* and touching in its course on much of Kafka's work, *K.* invites the reader to pay attention, to enter into a state of hyperawareness that becomes almost intoxicating.

Kafka's illness, his pathologies, his troubled relations with his father, his equally troubled relations with women, his Jewishness, his particular social location, his experience of the modern bureaucratic state as an employee of the Workers' Accident Insurance Institute for the Kingdom of Bohemia in Prague: Calasso ignores none of this, but neither does he use it to "explain" *The Castle* or *The Trial* or "The Metamorphosis" or "The Bur-

John Wilson is editor of Books and Culture.

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row." He is interested, rather, in how Kafka, given all that, given also an instinct for what Erich Heller called "the most obscure lucidity in the history of literature," channeled forces engaged in a conflict that transcended any local circumstances.

What was at stake in that conflict? Heller, in his great contrarian essay on Kafka in *The Disinherited Mind*, saw in "Kafka's World" the dilemma of "the modern mind" excruciatingly expressed, a mind that "knows two things at once: that there *is* no God, and that there *must* be God." In Heller's reading, Kafka is a disciple of Nietzsche, who gave himself consciously to the powers of darkness. For Calasso, in contrast, the powers to whose rustling voices Kafka attends are neither good nor evil. Kafka wanted, Calasso says, "to distinguish" his awareness of these powers "from any faith in a 'personal God.' Indeed, he went so far as to assert that 'belief in a personal God' is nothing more than 'one possible expression' of a widespread phenomenon: the tendency of 'the indestructible' to 'remain hidden.'"

One of the greatest benefits of Calasso's book is simply the reminder that we live among rival understandings of the world and our place in it. But do we really need reminding of this? Doesn't any day's news suffice? No, because most of the time that news just glances off us. All sensible people, we think, see things pretty much as we do. But a secularist who reads Calasso's book—and reads Kafka at his instigation—must, if he's honest, come to terms with the incredible notion that this wonderfully adept guide, who seems in so many ways a kindred spirit, is capable of talking rubbish about "the gods," and enlists Kafka in his cause. A Christian or a Jew or a Muslim must reflect that this penetrating critic of secularism is also a polytheist, after a fashion, a neopagan (and there are many neopagans in "secular" Europe).

And Kafka? "At the beginning," Calasso writes, "there's a wooden bridge covered with snow. Thick snow . . . Kafka sensed by then only the minimum number of elements of the surrounding world ought to be named. . . . And why so? Because the world was turning back into a primeval forest, too fraught with strange noises and apparitions." If that invitation doesn't draw you into *The Castle*, if in fact it irritates you—too "literary," too vatic—by all means go back to whatever it was you were doing. This book isn't for you. ♦

Before It's Too Late

Civilizations don't have to decline, but what's the secret of success? **BY IRWIN SAVODNIK**

Human civilization has rained death and disease on the planet and now threatens to destroy itself, biologist and polymath Jared Diamond informs us, unless—surprise, surprise—powerful, overly centralized governments step in to save us from ourselves. In his first-person account, Diamond offers a compelling case to raise readers' consciousness and finally take seriously just how we may be sealing our collective doom by ignoring and abusing our natural surroundings.

Collapse
How Societies Choose to Fail or Succeed
by Jared Diamond
Viking, 592 pp., $29.95

Take, for example, Easter Island, a somewhat less-than-paradisiacal pinpoint in the South Pacific, whose occupants suffered the progressive dribble of European intruders and missionaries, replete with smallpox, a proclivity for "black-birding" (the kidnapping of natives into forced labor), and, finally, sheep, whose pacific exterior belies their devastating impact on fragile pasture land. Add to all this deforestation, the willful plundering of the backbone of the island's ecological integrity and the basis of much societal persistence.

The tiny society of Easter Island finally gave up the ghost, but not for want of trying. As one reads Diamond's account of its agricultural foundation, it is impossible to avoid asking how the natives could possibly have cut down the very last tree. *What were they thinking?* To his credit, Diamond breaks the problem into four mistaken paths any group can take in dealing with such a problem: Failure to anticipate the problem; failure to perceive it after it has arrived; failure to try to solve it; and, finally, taking a shot at a solution and missing the mark. As he puts it, Easter Islanders failed to acknowledge the problem until the last few trees were felled.

From a certain vantage point, the problem of contemporary American society is one of consciousness. It is probably fair to say that most Americans are not nearly as perturbed about environmental issues as Diamond thinks they should be. And while they want clean streams and blue skies, how far they will go to achieve such goals is questionable at best.

As Diamond sees it, there are two ways to meet the challenge of potentially massive ecological decline: bottom up and top down. The former option is best in a society with a small landmass in which the inhabitants are familiar with the entire place and will know if they are affected by any environmental changes that occur. When it comes to highly developed societies with large geographical areas, and with complex political organizations, the top-down approach wins the prize. But it is here that I have problems with

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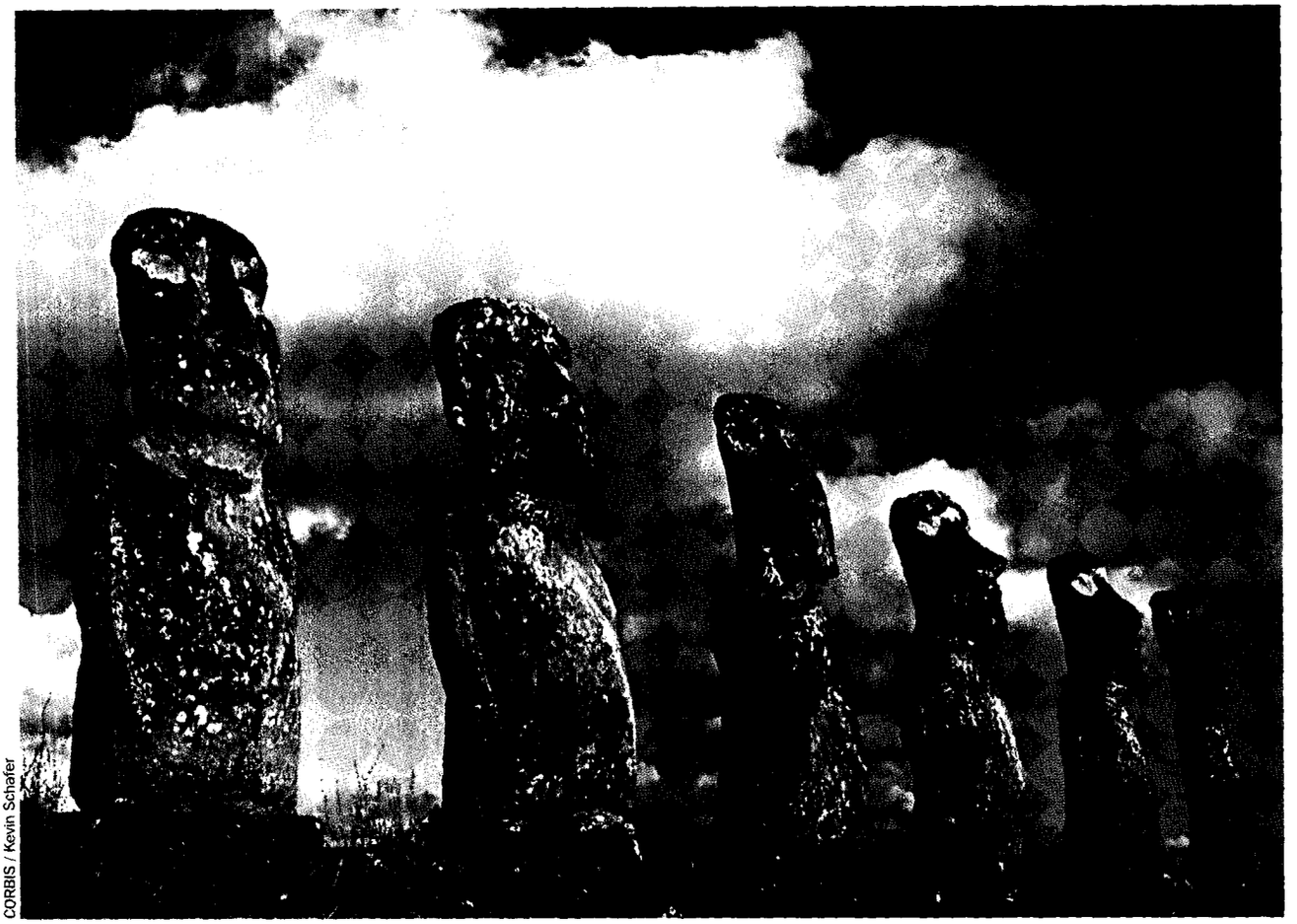

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The Good Old Days, Easter Island-style

Diamond's position—and with so many of those in the environmental movement.

From an intuitive standpoint, it may seem reasonable to think of a single leader, or a small group of decision-makers, deciding which species to protect, how many trees to plant, or what dams not to build. Such a model is simple and seems all too reasonable. It is the model Karl Popper railed against in *The Open Society and its Enemies*, where he critiqued the utopian social engineering inherent in the top-down approach. Friedrich Hayek, who addressed the same issue throughout his life, suggested that it is impossible for *any* individual to possess adequate knowledge about the market so that he or she would be able to make prudent decisions about the well-being of everyone else engaging in the market process.

Diamond doesn't recognize this key point. If we take Hayek's point to be true, then why should we believe a single agent or group could know enough to render optimal decisions regarding an entire society's approach to environmental challenge?

A fine example of centralized failure is the federal government, an awful environmental steward and the worst polluter in the public or private sphere. The 1972 Clean Water Act resulted in expenditures of more than $500 billion, and no adequate database evaluating water quality.

Diamond doesn't seem to consider Hayek's alternative, which, despite the ecumenical approach of the book, only brushes past the idea that free economic agents are capable of solving large problems such as hazy water, leaden skies, and dying forests. For instance, Ronald Coase, the Nobel economics laureate, in his writings on transaction costs, contracts, and the intersection of economics and the law, reveals how the conflicting motivations of opposing economic actors might be reconciled on such issues as environmental disputes.

I would have preferred that Diamond had used such a model rather than that of the Japanese shogun who happened to hit on a solution to the catastrophic deforestation of 17th-century Japan. Millions of individuals enabled by law and the freedom to act in their own best interests will protect the environment more efficiently than top-down planners who can't possibly possess the collective knowledge resident in the sum of all those transactions.

Diamond's undeveloped economic perspective looks even worse in light of his broad understanding of biology, history, anthropology, geography, and geology. He offers us provocative arguments, graphic examples, and a humanitarian spirit. He makes us think and provides the substance with which to reflect on what he says deep into the night. Why, then, could he not have departed from the path of so many of his colleagues who so often neglect the economic dimension of human civilization?

Collapse is a big book on a wide screen—and well worth reading—but weak at the knees in its predictable prescription for saving ourselves. ♦

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Musicals Are Back!

And the day of the Eat Your Spinach show has passed.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

Ask any sophisticated New York theatergoer about the current condition of the Broadway musical, and he will turn Ancient Mariner as he begins a raving recitation of everything that has gone wrong. He will speak with disapproving horror of the greatest-hits shows—barely plotted affairs that string together beloved pop and rock songs by acts like ABBA, the Beach Boys, and Elvis Presley in a manner more suitable to second-rank Las Vegas hotels than to the Great White Way. He will note the decidedly eerie parallel between this trend and two equally nightmarish ones that preceded it. First, the takeover of Broadway in the 1980s by insipid British musicals with horrible scores and amazing sets, followed by the takeover in the 1990s by various theatrical versions of Disney cartoons. To think, he will moan, that this treacle is all that's left of the form that once gave rise to Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, Frank Loesser!

Now, cries of woe about the condition of the New York theater have been constant since 1927, when George Jean Nathan, the preeminent drama critic of his day, dubbed Broadway the "fabulous invalid." Broadway these days is little more than a cultural afterthought, whereas in Nathan's day it was one of the mighty pillars of American entertainment. So those who care about it, or feel invested in it, are more than ordinarily tempted by a nostalgia as thick as lard. What our Ancient Mariner of Broadway fails to see is a shocking but thrilling fact: Just like the city that houses it, the Broadway musical has risen from a long decline and has entered a new Golden Age.

UPI Newspictures / Ezio Petersen

Curtain call for Spamalot

In the past four years, audiences have been electrified by a string of delightful and delirious new musicals. Just this month alone, two shows—*Spamalot* and *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*—opened to screams of joy from thousands of theatergoers who leap to their feet nightly to offer heartfelt standing ovations. These shows are following on the heels of *Wicked* and *Avenue Q*, both of which opened in 2003; *Hairspray*, which opened in 2002; and *Urinetown* and *The Producers*, both of which opened in 2001. Three of these musicals—*The Producers*, *Avenue Q*, and *Hairspray*—are among the very best that Broadway has ever seen. *Wicked* seems certain to join them in the pantheon at intermission time, because its first act is flawless, but it falls apart in its second half. The others are wonderfully enjoyable, but their musical numbers aren't quite good enough for them to be considered classics.

Five of them are adaptations of movies—a trend that has given rise to some worried clucking by those who seem to have forgotten that almost every memorable musical from the first Golden Age was an adaptation of a previously produced play. In the case of *The Producers*, *Hairspray*, and *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*, the shows are vast improvements on their originals in almost every way. Two of them are fanciful pastiches—*Avenue Q*, a takeoff of *Sesame Street* in which the Muppets grow up and become twentysomething Ivy-grad strivers in Brooklyn; and *Urinetown*, a surprisingly funny spoof of the agit-prop musicals written by the Stalinist playwright Bertolt Brecht (in collaboration with the great composer Kurt Weill). And one, *Spamalot*, is a blend—it's a fanciful pastiche of its own source material, the great 1975 movie comedy *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*.

But mostly what they share is just how rollicking they are. Their authors and directors are absolutely determined to show audiences a really, really, really good time, and they throw it all at you—magical stagecraft, wildly inventive choreography, infectious humor. They want to lift your spirits

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and make you giddy, and they succeed.

Spamalot, which some people think is going to be the biggest hit in Broadway history, is so eager to please it's like a manic puppy. It begins, for no reason whatever, with a hilariously cheesy dance number set in Finland, with crazed Finns slapping each other upside the head with raw fish. In Act Two, the show's sole female character has been missing from the stage for about 20 minutes, so she emerges from the wings and begins to sing, "Whatever happened to my part?" And the sequence in the original Monty Python movie, where knights in full armor sing about eating "ham and jam and Spam a lot," becomes a 10-minute production number that turns Camelot itself into that second-rank hotel in Las Vegas.

Dirty Rotten Scoundrels, a much more satisfying show, takes the movie's tale of two con men working the Riviera and whips it into an effervescent froth. The elegant con man (played by Michael Caine in the film and by John Lithgow here) nearly gets trapped into marriage with an oil heiress from Oklahoma who sings excitedly of her home state that "the leading cause of death is melanoma." The more raffish con man (an overdone Steve Martin on film, the insanely great Norbert Leo Butz onstage) sings of his dream to be in a world where "the centerfolds roam . . . Hef will have me over to play some naked twister, / Blotto in the grotto with a playmate and her sister." It's a pity that David Yazbek's brilliant lyrics aren't matched by his own music, which tends toward the toneless.

Once upon a time, musicals were more traditionally known as "musical comedies." That ended when the writers of musical comedy decided they wanted to be artists and not just entertainers, to use the form to explore issues and try out creative concepts. Their ambition ushered in the age of the Eat Your Spinach Musical, in which audiences looking for some singing and dancing had to endure the evils of imperialism, the rise of Nazism, the corrosive quality of the contemporary American marriage, and the tragedy of AIDS.

The day of the Eat Your Spinach Musical has passed. Now is the time of the Anything for a Laugh Musical. And it turns out that, by embracing the more comic aspects of musical comedy, the Broadway theater is undergoing an unexpected but entirely welcome creative renaissance. ♦

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Parody

The Pentagon's Defense Contract Audit Agency said Halliburton subsidiary Kellogg Brown & Root had charged $27.5 million to deliver $82,100 worth of liquefied petroleum gas. —News Item

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1. My responsibilities at KBR have consisted of:
   - ○ a. Delivering $27.5 million worth, or $82,100 worth (you say "tomato"), of liquefied petroleum gas.
   - ○ b. "Responsibilities" is sort of a demeaning term, isn't it?
   - ○ c. I suppose you think a drinkable bottle of Krug is going to get to Basra on its own.
   - ○ d. Billing, mostly.

2. I heard about this survey from:
   - ○ a. A (temporarily) incarcerated colleague.
   - ○ b. Some nasty little man from the American government.
   - ○ c. That sweet girl who feeds me peeled grapes.
   - ○ d. An excellent Paraguayan newspaper.

3. When I hear about liquefied petroleum gas, I feel:
   - ○ a. Reverent.
   - ○ b. Nostalgic.
   - ○ c. Expensive (to some).
   - ○ d. As if I were a seasoned, muscular inmate and the Pentagon were a new, smaller—but not unattractive—inmate.

4. When I order room service on a KBR expense account, I like to tip:
   - ○ a. 20 percent.
   - ○ b. A fistful of silver ingots.
   - ○ c. A pony or a camel.
   - ○ d. 16 grams (street value: $200) of liquefied petroleum gas.

5. When I write up an invoice, I:
   - ○ a. Make it a point to put in 30 minutes a day, whether inspiration strikes or not.
   - ○ b. Tend to emphasize the scarcity of liquefied petroleum gas.
   - ○ c. Think of myself as Jackson Pollock, with numbers as my paint.
   - ○ d. Try to avoid the digits 0, 3, 7, and 8—as counseled by the deity Ganesh, Remover of Obstacles.

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German-Am

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ANTI-AMERICANISM IN EUROPE
A Cultural Problem

Russell A. Berman

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When President Bush v
recently, the whole re
high security alert and there was little contact with the German public. The press has harped on contrasts with past presidents and their more crowd-pleasing appearances: John Kennedy addressing throngs declaring "Ich bin ein Berliner," Ronald Reagan at the Berlin Wall, and Bill Clinton strolling through the Brandenburg Gate after the end of communism. That Bush's visit seemed to be hermetically sealed off from ordinary Germans has been taken as proof of his unpopularity and the alleged failure of American foreign policy.

Not surprisingly, the story is more complex. Of course, security concerns are greater today in the wake of September 11. Of course, parts of Western Europe, notably Germany and France, remain in the grips of an anti-American obsession. Had Bush come close to large crowds, they would have certainly been hostile. The question is, why? The answer goes far beyond opposition to the Iraq war.

According to a recent poll, **less than a third of Germans today feel any gratitude toward the United States either for support during the 1948 Soviet blockade of Berlin or for American leadership in winning the cold war in 1989**. Although it may be natural that memories of the early cold war have faded, it is surprising that Germans also dismiss the importance of U.S. support during the process of German unification (which most of their European neighbors resisted). No good deed goes unpunished. In fact, the initial postunification
pine
unified Germany, A
mixed blessing.

Although animosity to the United States lingers on, a big surprise is emerging in Germany. Here and there, in the formerly anti-American German press, are indications of an about-face—not just an effort to tone down the rhetoric of transatlantic carping but a genuine rethinking of the Bush presidency. The most salient example is in, of all places, the popular news magazine *Der Spiegel,* which one used to count on for routine Bush-bashing. Suddenly, the Germans are asking a new question, "Could Bush be right?" (and that's a quote!).

Reagan too was greeted with hostility and skepticism in 1987, and his call to demolish the Berlin Wall, treated as proof of a simplistic lack of sophistication—another naïve American with pie-in-the-sky ideals. According to worldly European wisdom, communist Eastern Europe would last forever; two years later the wall had been torn down and the continent reshaped. Bush as Reagan? This is the specter haunting Europe today. The bold metaphor is that, just as democracy swept like a prairie fire through Eastern Europe, it is making headway in Afghanistan and Iraq, the Ukraine and Palestine. Even in Beirut and Damascus change is under way. To quote *Der Spiegel:* "Bush may end up being just as right as Reagan was." German-American relations seem to be improving after all.

—Russell A. Berman

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